



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Mus  
584  
263

Neop

Rubenstein

Mus 584.263



HARVARD  
COLLEGE  
LIBRARY

*MUSIC LIBRARY*



# NERO.

OPERA IN FOUR ACTS

BY

ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

---

CHARLES D. KOPPEL, Publisher, No. 23 Park Row,  
NEW YORK.

# STEINWAY & SONS

BEG TO ANNOUNCE THAT THEY HAVE BEEN AWARDED A

## GRAND GOLD MEDAL

AT THE

International Inventions Exhibition,

1885—LONDON—1885



"FOR GENERAL EXCELLENCE OF THEIR PIANOS,  
AND FOR SEVERAL MERITORIOUS AND USEFUL  
INVENTIONS;" AND ALSO A

## SPECIAL GOLD MEDAL

FROM

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS,

1885—LONDON—1885.

## TWO SPECIAL DIPLOMAS OF MERIT,

Sydney International Exhibition, 1879.

## TWO HIGHEST AWARDS,

International Exhibition, Philadelphia, 1876.

## GRAND NATIONAL GOLD MEDAL,

WITH CROWN AND RIBBON,

From His Majesty, King Charles XV., of Sweden, 1868.

## FIRST GRAND GOLD MEDAL,

Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1867.

## GRAND TESTIMONIAL MEDAL AND MEMBERSHIP,

From Société des Beaux Arts, Paris, 1867.

## FIRST PRIZE MEDAL,

International Exhibition, London, 1862.

*Also more than thirty-five First Premiums at American Exhibitions, and testimonials from the most eminent Musicians, Composers and Artists in the world, who all unite in the unanimous verdict of the*

**SUPERIORITY OF THE STEINWAY PIANO OVER ALL OTHERS.**

EVERY PIANO FULLY WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

 Illustrated Catalogues mailed free upon application.

STEINWAY & SONS,

WAREROOMS, - - - - - STEINWAY HALL,

Nos. 107, 109 and 111 East 14th Street,

NEW YORK.

# NERO.

OPERA IN FOUR ACTS

BY

ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

---

THE ENGLISH VERSION, AFTER THE GERMAN TRANSLATION OF JULES BARBIER'S TEXT

BY

JOHN P. JACKSON,

AUTHOR OF "THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU," "LOHENGRIN, MUSICALLY AND PICTORIAL-  
LY ILLUSTRATED," ETC., ETC.

---

*Copyright, 1886, by CHARLES E. LOCKE.*

---

CHARLES D. KOPPEL, Publisher, No. 23 Park Row,  
NEW YORK.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

NERO CLAUDIUS, Emperor.  
JULIUS VINDEK, Prince of Aquitania  
TIGELLINUS, Prefect of the Pretorians.  
BALBILLUS, Astrologer.  
SACCUS, Poet.  
SEVIRUS, High Priest of Evander's Temple.  
TERPANDER, Citharist, Agrippina's Freedman.  
POPPÆA SABINA, Otho's wife, Nero's mistress.  
EPICCHARIS, a Freedwoman.  
CHRYSA, her daughter.  
AGRIPPINA, widow of the Emperor Claudius,  
and mother of Nero.  
LUPUS, a Roman gamin.

|                                                                   |             |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| CALPURNIUS PISO,<br>FÆNIUS RUFUS,<br>SPORUS,<br>VALERIUS MESSALA, | } Plotters. |
| THRASEAS PÆTUS, Senator.                                          |             |
| SALVIUS OTHO, Governor of Lusitania.                              |             |
| DELIA, Poppæa's slave.                                            |             |
| An aged Christian.                                                |             |
| The Leader of a Band of Jugglers.                                 |             |
| A public Crier.                                                   |             |
| A Street Vender.                                                  |             |
| A Centurion.                                                      |             |

Shades: The Emperor CLAUDIUS, BRITANNICUS, SENECA, BURRUS, LUCANUS, PETRONIUS,  
OCTAVIA and others.

Senators, Patricians, Augustans, Pretorians, Priests, Lictors, Players, Dancers, Musicians,  
Christians, Greeks, Gauls, Germans, Ethiopians, Roman People, Slaves,  
Vestals, Roman Women, Courtesans, Danceuses, Female Slaves.

SCENE: Rome.

TIME: From the years 59 to 68 after the birth of Christ.

*First Act:* In the House of Epicharis, at Rome.

*Second Act:* Poppæa's Apartment in the Imperial Palace.

A public Square in Rome, near Evander's Temple.

*Third Act:* A Room in the Small House of Epicharis, near Evander's Temple.

Public Place near the Tower of Mæcenas. The Burning of Rome.

*Fourth Act:* In the Mausoleum of Augustus.—On the Roman Campagna.

## THE STORY OF THE OPERA.

---

The story of the opera of "Nero" is based for the most part on historical incidents, and historical personages are the principal characters of the drama. NERO CLAUDIUS CÆSAR DRUSUS GERMANICUS was born at Antium on the 15th of December, A. D. 37, and was Roman Emperor from the year 55 to 68 A. D., succeeding CLAUDIUS, who after the murder of the infamous MESSALINA, married the equally debased AGRIPPINA, Nero's mother. The operatic story is taken from a drama in verse by M. Jules Barbier, and is devoted to a characterization of Nero as singer and histrion, as a reveller in brilliant shows, festivals and processions, and in cruelties, degradation and viciousness. Nero's life was devoted to the stage, the arena, the circus, and licentiousness. He completed the degradation and brutalization of the Romans.

Nero instituted the games called Juvenalia, in which, in theatres erected in his gardens, he himself sang and danced, and forced the nobility of all ages and sexes to do the same. He finally appeared on the public stage, and historians record Seneca's sadness at seeing the lord of the Romans appearing in public as a singer. "He was seen to come forward, lyre in hand, wearing a long trailing robe, and having addressed the audience in the usual form, (Gentlemen, hear me with favor,) sing to his chords the story of Attis or the Bacchæ. The officers of the guards stood around, BURRUS grieving and applauding. He further selected five thousand young men, named Augustans, who were divided into companies, whose task was to applaud him when he was singing. When the people pressed him to display all his acquirements, he came forth in the theatre, strictly conforming to all the rules of his art, not sitting down when weary, wiping his face on his robe, neither spitting nor blowing his nose, and finally with bended knees and moving his hand, waiting in counterfeit terror for the sentence of the judges."

Nero appears always to have had a fascination for composers. A hundred and forty-seven years before the production of Rubinstein's work, Handel wrote an opera which bore the melo-dramatic title of *Die durch Mord und Blut erlangte Liebe*; oder, *Nero*—"Love obtained through Blood and Murder, or Nero." "This opera," Mr. Krehbiel writes, "was written entirely in German, and for that reason deserves to be remembered. Yet, early as it was, Handel's "Nero" itself had a predecessor in the "Nero" of Pallavicini composed over two hundred years ago. And now Boito is working on the subject, the fascination of which is perennial. This fascination is natural. From amid the flood and gloom that surrounds the historical Nero, he looks out a fine type of operatic character, and the Rome of his time offers a magnificent field for the fancy of the dramatist, costumer, scene painter and ballet master. In his own person Nero gave the world proof that love for the divine art can live in the blackest soul. When he ascended the throne he summoned Terpnos, the ablest of the then living *Citharædi*, to his court

and became his industrious pupil in singing; neglecting none of the measures which were practised by the Greek musicians for the preservation and development of the voice. His bari-tone voice was naturally weak, a little rough and hoarse (says Suetonius of him,) and only by means of incessant practice did he succeed in accomplishing anything in music. During his whole life he was filled with the conviction that he was the first virtuoso of his time."

The first act of "Nero" takes place in the house of EPICCHARIS, a woman famous in Rome, a priestess of Venus. Among the guests present is VINDEX, prince of Aquitania, who afterwards plays an important part in bringing about Nero's end. He takes no pleasure in the scene of gayety, and after Epicharis and her guests have left the apartment, he remains behind, alone, lamenting over Rome's degradation. His thoughts, however, are interrupted by the entrance of a young girl, CHRYSA, who, while returning from the temple of Evander to her own home, has been followed by a band of drunken carousers and by accident has sought refuge in the house of Epicharis, her own mother, who has never allowed her daughter to know the infamy of her own life. Chrysa asks Vindex to shelter her, which he promises to do, convinced from her answers to his questions that she is deserving of protection. He bids her enter one of the inner apartments, and she escapes just as Nero and his companions, BALBILLUS, the astrologer, TIGELLINUS, the prefect of the Prætorians, and a number of the Augustan guards, all masked, rush in in search of the booty that has escaped them. Hearing the noise, Epicharis with her guests return. She threatens to inform the Emperor of the conduct of the intruders, and as Vindex and some of the men draw their swords to punish them, Nero discovers himself, laughing, as the Emperor of Rome.

This changes the course of events. Among the guests are SACCUS, the poet, and TERPANDER, the citharist, two of Nero's intimates, and they propose, in order to please their master, that the maiden be given to him as his bride, and that the event be celebrated with a mock marriage. Vindex opposes this proposition, however; whereupon Nero offers conditions, namely, that the girl shall be his, Nero's, if, when she is brought in, Epicharis declares that she belongs to one of her own class. Chrysa being brought in, immediately recognizes her mother, and Epicharis terrified at the fate hanging over her beloved daughter, in her anguish closes her in her arms, fearful as to how she shall save her from the threatened infamy. The laughter and mockery of the guests and of Nero's friends and Epicharis's recognition of the girl, deceive Vindex, who with bitter laughter gives up his assumed rôle of protector. Thereupon Nero commands that the marriage rites be begun, and the ceremonies are carried out in mockery, ending in a bacchanal, the chorus and ballet joining in the dance. Vindex himself, having asked Nero in sarcastic mood to allow him the privilege, intones the bridal song. Epicharis, however, determined to rescue her child from a fate worse than death, gives Chrysa a goblet of wine containing a strong sleeping draught, and the young girl falls to the ground as if dead. All are horrified, believing that Epicharis has poisoned her child in order to save her from Nero. Vindex seeing how he had been deceived, turns in wrath towards the Emperor and charges him with being the cause of the murder, whereupon Nero commands that he be arrested and taken to prison.

The second act opens in an apartment in the Imperial Palace occupied by POPPEA SABINA, Nero's favorite. This renowned beauty, of whom Tacitus remarked that she possessed everything but virtue, is filled with joy at finding herself so near to a place on Nero's throne. At the time, she was married to M. SALVIUS OTHO, for whom she had quitted her former husband RUFIOUS CRISPINUS. She it was who was so solicitous about her beauty that she took a bath every day in the milk of five hundred asses, which were kept for the purpose. For her sake Nero committed many atrocities. He had banished and attempted to murder his mother

Agrippina (whom he finally caused to be slain). To be able to marry her he put away his wife OCTAVIA, though he had been compelled by the murmurs of the populace to take her back; the statues of Poppæa had been flung down by the people and those of Octavia had been carried about covered with flowers. But finally Nero caused Octavia to be slain. She was bound, her veins were opened, and she was placed in a warm bath, and when life was extinct her head was cut off and sent to Poppæa. Poppæa herself finally came to an untimely end. For a time Nero was passionately devoted to her, and his joy knew no bounds when in 64 A. D. she presented him with a daughter, which however died four months old. After that his infamies grew worse and more degraded. After a theatrical entertainment in which he had appeared as an actor, in a fit of anger he gave Poppæa a kick in the stomach which caused her death. Instead of burning the body as was then the general custom, he had it embalmed with the most costly spices and deposited it in the monument of the Julian family. He himself pronounced the funeral oration, in which he praised her for her beauty, and as the mother of a divine infant.

But to return to the scene. Poppæa is discovered surrounded by her female slaves and attendants, awaiting Nero's visit. Agrippina, at the time in banishment, had discovered her son's infatuation for Chrysa, and in order to possess the means of affecting a reconciliation with him, had caused her to be kidnapped and brought to her own house, keeping her there as booty for her degraded son. She had sent Terpander to Rome with the request that Nero might pardon her, and at the same time sending to Poppæa, as a present, a magnificent diadem and an armband containing a picture of Chrysa. While Nero is disporting his vanity to his courtiers, singing of the "Love and the griefs of Iphigenia," Vindex is led past by the guards on his way to execution. At the same time Epicharis enters, and, bitterly weeping, demands of Nero that her daughter, who has been taken from her by stealth, shall be restored to her. Nero thus learns for the first time that Chrysa is not dead, as he had supposed. In his anger at being deceived he gives the order for Epicharis to be put to death. But Poppæa intercedes with him for Epicharis's life, and when Nero in his rage grasps the outstretched arm of the pleading woman he suddenly sees the portrait on the armband sent as a present from Agrippina. Struck with astonishment and wondering what is the significance of the picture, he apparently gives way and asks Poppæa and the courtiers to accompany him to the grand triumphal procession which is about to take place.

The scene changes to a public square in Rome, in front of Evander's temple, the populace awaiting the coming of the triumphal procession, a part of the great festivals which Nero was accustomed to give to the people. One such described by the historian is that on his return from his Thespian expedition to Greece. Returning to Italy, he entered Rome in the triumphal car of Augustus, clad in a purple robe studded with silver stars, the Olympic wreath of wild olive on his head, the Pythian laurel in his hand. The crowns which he has won, the boards showing the names of the places where he had gained them, preceded his chariot: the senate, knights and soldiers followed shouting, Olympic victor! Pythian victor, Augustus! Nero Hercules! Nero Apollo! etc. In this manner Nero proceeded to the capitol and thence to the palace. The crowns, eighteen hundred in number, were hung round an Egyptian obelisk. Nero then resumed his former occupation as a player and charioteer. The people awaiting the procession are being amused by a troop of jugglers, and the audience by the performance of an incident in ballet. A group of Bacchantines, chased by the jugglers, call the warriors to their assistance. The play ends with the defeat of the jugglers and the carrying off of the Bacchantines. Then comes at last Nero's imposing triumphal procession, and while this is passing the populace exchange opinions about Nero and his contemporaries, the virtues and vices of himself and his companions. Nero at last arrives upon the scene, hailed with shouts by the people.

In honor of Agrippina his mother, to whom he is reconciled, he commands the Circensian games. He then enters the temple of Evander in order to receive the homage of the priesthood. Poppæa, in the meantime filled with jealousy, has determined to get Chrysa out of Nero's way, and she is seen among the crowd leading Epicharis and Vindex into the house of Agrippina to demand the restoration of the girl to her mother. Then Nero emerges from the temple, laurel crowned. The Vestals kindle the sacred fire, the people cast flowers and wreaths to Nero, who filled up with the full of vanity declares that he is not only Cæsar but God. To this the much debased and brutalized mob, living mostly on the bounty and charity of the Emperor, assents in wild delirium, shouting, "Yes, he is Cæsar and God!"

In the third Act: Chrysa has been removed from the house of Agrippina, and Nero, finding himself deprived of his booty, had caused his mother's death. She is now in a small house under the care of Vindex, to whom in her thanks she reveals what she has hitherto kept a secret, namely, that she belongs to the persecuted sect of the Christians. Vindex declares his love for her, and asks her to teach him the tenets of the religion that makes her own life so beautiful. Epicharis enters. She had been released from prison by Nero after ineffectual attempts to compel her by torture to reveal her child's hiding-place. But he had given her her liberty, knowing well that she would at once go to her daughter, and that thereby he would find the booty. While Vindex has gone to Poppæa to ask her assistance in getting his wards out of the city to a place of safety, Nero suddenly enters, to the great terror of the two women, and renews his importunities to Chrysa, promising that she shall take Poppæa's place as his empress. Chrysa treats the offer with scorn, whereupon Nero threatens vengeance, that he will chain her to his chariot as one of his slaves. During this scene Sacco enters hurriedly and announces that Rome stands in flames. Nero is thunderstruck. Not at the news indeed, but at the fact that he should have forgotten all about the conflagration, which, according to popular tradition and M. Jules Barbier's poem, he had given the command to start. Nero at once gives up his persecution of Chrysa, his mind now being fully occupied with the promised display. He asks Poppæa, who has entered during the last scene, to accompany him, to view the glories of the spectacle.

The destruction of Rome took place A. D. 65. On the 19th of July a fire broke out in a part of the circus full of shops containing inflammable substances. It extended during six days, and its course was only stopped, after the greater part of the city had been destroyed, by pulling down houses at the foot of the Equiline. Nero was at Atium when the news of the fire was brought to him. He immediately repaired to Rome, threw open his gardens, the Campus Martius and the monuments of Agrippa to the sufferers, caused supplies to be distributed and reduced the price of corn. All he could do, however, could not remove the suspicion from the minds of the people that the city had been fired by his orders. It was said that he wanted to have an opportunity of rebuilding Rome with more regularity and beauty, and that while the fire was raging "he ascended a tower in the gardens of Mæcenas in his scenic dress, and charmed with what he termed 'the beauty of the flame,' sang to the accompaniment of his lyre 'The Taking of Ilium'." Further the historians say that "he spared no expense in rebuilding the city; and when all would not avail to clear him he laid the guilt on the innocent—on the members of the society named Christians, which had arisen some years before in Judæa, and were now numerous in Rome."

The scene as represented in Rubinstein's opera is where Nero and his associates, and Poppæa ascend the tower of Mæcenas and watch the progress of the conflagration, and the persecution of the Christians by the maddened populace. The Christians were objects of general aversion at the time. Any charges made against them were likely to be credited. Some

of them were taken and compelled by torture to confess. They were put to death with torture and insult, some being sewed up in the skins of wild beasts and then torn to pieces by dogs, some crucified, and others wrapped in pitch and other inflammable materials and set on fire to serve for lamps in the night. The scene of their agonies was in Nero's gardens. The Roman populace is seen in the opera engaged in its favorite occupation of slaughtering the Christians, and Nero is seen on the tower of Mæcenas glorifying in song the devouring element in the famous "O Ilion," from the description of the funeral rites of Hector at the conclusion of the Iliad. Chrysa then with her mother and Vindex appears on the scene. Full of indignation at the cruelties of the mob, she attempts to stay the madness of the people, but in vain. She then attempts to shelter the persecuted people by placing herself between them and their murderers. Even Nero, who has caught sight of her, comes to her assistance. But too late. Heroically, Chrysa has declared to the mob that she herself is a Christian, and she is slain by the fanatics before she can be rescued. Vindex is compelled to flee. Nero, cursing the girl's murderers, is driven back by the flames. Epicharis, heart-broken at the death of her child, falls and is burned under the ruins of a falling house. This is not strictly in accordance with history, however. Epicharis became involved through her friends in a conspiracy against Nero, who ordered her to be put to the torture. "But no pain could overcome the constancy of the heroic woman, and next day, as, from her weak state, she was carried in a chair to undergo the torture anew, she contrived to fasten her belt to the arched back of the chair and thus to strangle herself."

In the fourth act comes Nero's end. The Roman world has submitted long enough to the sport of a monster in human form. Vindex, at the time proprætor of Gaul, is generally credited with originating the revolt. He wrote to Sulpicius Galba, the governor of Tarragonian Spain, who was at the head of a large army, asking him to become "the deliverer of the human race and the Emperor of Rome." "Hearing of the revolt of Galba and the Spains," says an historian, "Nero's consternation was extreme. He resolved the wildest and most nefarious projects, such as sending persons to kill all the governors of the provinces, massacring the exiles and all the Gauls that were in Rome, poisoning the Senate, and letting the wild beasts loose upon the people. He began to levy troops, but his first care was to provide carriages to convey his theatrical properties and to dress and arm a party of his concubines as Amazons to form his guard." Finding himself deserted, his courage failing him, and his freedman Phaon having offered a country house, which he had four miles from the city, as a refuge, he mounted a horse and set out with Sporus and three others concealed in a dark cloak, with his head covered and a handkerchief before his face. The librettist of the opera reveals the fallen Emperor in temporary shelter in the mausoleum of Augustus. Filled with terror, he sees the shades of his many victims rise up amid the gloom and pass before him, his brother Britannicus, Octavia, his first wife, Poppæa his mother, Chrysa, Epicharis, all the host of friends and teachers whom he had murdered, the slaughtered Christians whom he had cast to the wild beasts or used as living torches at his hideous festivals. Filled with terror, he rushes out into the storm.

In the next scene Nero is discovered on a bleak road on the Campagna. In the distance is Rome, whither Galba's soldiers are hastening, singing their battle-song as they pass. Nero has been recognized and is being hunted by the soldiers. "He and his companions," says the historian, "had to quit their horses and scramble through a thicket to get to the rear of Phaon's villa and then to wait till an aperture was made in the wall to admit them. Every one urged him to lose no time in saving himself by death from the impending insults if captured alive. Meantime he continued weeping and exclaiming, 'Ah, what an artist perishes in me (*qualis artifex pereo!*)' A messenger arrives bringing letters that he had been sentenced by the Senate

to be brought under the Caudine yoke. He inquired what that meant. Being told that he was to be stripped naked, have his head placed in a fork and be scourged to death, he took two daggers he had with him and tried their edge, then sheathed them again, saying that the fatal hour was not yet come. One moment he desired Sporus to begin the funeral wail, then he called on some one to set him an example of dying, then he upbraided his own conscience. At length, hearing the trampling of horses of those sent to take him, he hurriedly repeated an appropriate line of Homer, and, placing a dagger at his throat, with the aid of his secretary Epaphroditus, drove it in. A centurion, entering before he was dead, put his cloak to the wound, pretending that he was come to his aid. 'Tis too late! Is this your fidelity?' said the bleeding tyrant, and expired." This event took place A. D. 68, in the thirty-first year of his age, and the fourteenth of his reign. It is carried out on the stage with due regard to history, Saccus, however, taking the place of Epaphroditus. Vindex appears on the scene. The soldiers gather about the dead despot. Then in the sky appears a brilliant light in the form of a Cross. The people look in wonder at the miraculous sign and accept it as a promise that peace has once more returned to the world. All join enthusiastically in a hymn of thanks to God, "the Mighty One, who shall not let his children perish."

With "Nero," Anton Rubinstein is first introduced to the American public as a composer of opera, though he has been very productive in this department of musical work. Shortly after his return to St. Petersburg in 1848, when he was attached to the court of the Grand Duchess Hélène as Kammervirtuose and later as Hof-Kapellmeister, he composed a number of small operas, among which are "The Siberian Hunter," "Toms, the Fool," "The Revenge," "Dimitri." His best known operatic works are, besides the present one, "The Children of the Steppes," "Feramors," "Merchant Kalachnikoff," "The Demon," "The Son of the Voivod." Rubinstein has gained his greatest fame on the operatic stage by his musical dramas on the biblical subjects. He began with "Paradise Lost," which however he called an oratorio in the original edition, and continued in "The Tower of Babel," and "The Maccabees," works which combine the oratorio and opera styles, by utilizing the powers of the old time oratorio chorus and the modern dramatic orchestra. The present opera, "Nero," was first produced at the Stadt Theatre at Hamburg in 1879, under the direction of M. Pollini, with the *mise-en-scène* by Mr. William Hock, and under the personal superintendence of the composer. Its success was so great that it had no less than thirty repetitions in Hamburg alone. The libretto of the opera owes its origin to M. Jules Barbier, whose dramatic poem of "Nero" was apparently put into German before being set to music by the composer. Unfortunately, in the German translation, M. Jules Barbier's classic lines were often mutilated or their metre lost; consequently the present version, taken from it, in which the English words must of necessity follow as closely as possible the composer's intentions and strength in accentuation, will not always bear critical scanning.

JOHN P. JACKSON.

*Monte Zucchi*  
*Romulus and the Graces*  
*Amorini and the Graces*  
*Romulus and the Graces*

# NERO.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Court (Atrium) in the House of Epicharis.*  
*In the background an open gallery (Peristyl) leading from one of the streets of Rome. The foreground is lighted by lamps and lampadaria. Assembled are Otho, Vindex, Saccus, Terpander, Piso. Messala, Rufus, Sporus, Senators, Gauls, Greeks, Germans and Courtesans.*

### *Chorus of Men.*

Tarry, ye moments,  
Ye that in hast'ning  
Course soon pass by!  
In the wildering whirl  
Of joy all too swiftly  
From us ye fly!  
Like nymphs from the wooer  
Ye escape the pursuer:—  
Yet oft in the flutt'ring race  
Not vain the chase.

### *Chorus of Women.*

Waste not the time  
That, ah, all too quickly  
Passes away  
With fluttering pace  
In the rapturous, joyous race!  
Like nymphs from the wooer,  
Ye escape the pursuer:  
Yet oft in the flutt'ring race,  
Vain is not the gallant chase!

### *Men.*

Newly found have we here  
The island enraptured;  
With thee, Epicharis.  
Here enchanted we stay,  
The Graces alway  
Ready to serve and obey.

### *Chorus of Women.*

This is the home of the Graces;  
These are fair Cythere's bowers;  
In the gladsome feast invited  
Let us enjoy the fleeting hours.

### *All.*

Tarry, ye moments,  
Ye that in hast'ning  
Course soon pass by!  
In the wildering whirl  
Of joy all too quickly  
From us ye fly!  
Like nymphs from the wooer,  
Ye escape the pursuer:—  
Yet oft in the flutt'ring race,  
Vain is not the gallant chase.  
Enjoy the moment's  
Sweet delight,  
For life doth pass  
With rapid flight!

[*Epicharis enters, followed by her slaves. Her guests hasten to greet her.*]

### *Epicharis.*

Good welcome be to ye all, my guests illustrious,  
Romans, strangers! Ye all shall bring joy to the fête!  
Ye of our noblest blood, and ye of rank exalted,  
Right welcome are ye to the feast.

### *All.*

All hail! O queen of beauty rare!  
All hail! The temple's priestess fair!

*Piso.* [To *Vindex.*]

And now,—alien and guest,—what thinkest thou of our Romans?

*Terpander.* [To *Vindex.*]

Hast thou e'er dreamt of glory and might  
such as this?

*Rufus.* [to *Vindex.*]

To thy wondering gaze there is opened a  
world!

*Vindex.*

Nay, thou err'st—my search is for men!

*Saccus.* [*Aside.*]

Unmannerly Barbarian!—Ei, thou callest  
thyself

Prince of Aquitania—of ancient and kingly  
race!

Lookest for men in Rome—the choice were  
surely not hard:

Piso see! Rufus see!—and everyone of  
them noble!

Terpander, a Freedman forsooth, but a  
master in art,

And Otho, who, aye, his wife as a gift gave  
to Cæsar!

By the Gods! are these not men and prin-  
ces of manhood?

And forget not the greatest of poets: I  
nam'd thee not Saccus—

That is I—yea, that is I.—For whom else  
is thy search?

P'r'aps for an Emperor!—For Nero I pray  
thee to grieve not.

By hate and envy devour'd, burden'd he  
came to the world;—

What at his conscience gnaws, gives him  
now food for his song!

Lord of the Lyre—Thespian hero—seeking  
for fame on the stage.

Pale, speechless, on his knees, madly he  
pleads for applause

From the vulgar plebeians!—

Before the people trembling

He makes the people quake:

He hears the shouts of the foolish rabble:

“Cæsar is great!

In song is Nero the victor!

Hail, Cæsar, hail!”

Lord of the world, and forsooth—

Histrio!

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! . . . .

*Vindex.*

Rome, hapless Rome!—

Thou hast fallen so low

In the wretched one's hands!

*Piso.*

Who knows. How appalling the hate

'Neath the joy of the fête can be hidden!

Those who shrewdly the head can bend,

Before the low'ring storms descend,

Can raise up the head when all is o'er,

Standing then firmer than before!

[Hearing *Piso's* words, the *Conspirators* have become  
attentive.]

*The Conspirators.*

Those who shrewdly the head can bend,

Before the low'ring storms descend,

Can raise up the head when all is o'er,

Standing then firmer than before.

*Epicharis.*

[To the *Conspirators.*]

Forsooth, one would think, hearing speech  
so audacious,

That my house for conspiracy was chos'n!

A Brutus we'll see nevermore; and his  
times are forgotten!

[To the other guests.]

Pray ye, then, such folly curbing,

Be not heard more speech disturbing!

Come! come! The praises sing

Of wine and of delight!

Let loud your voices ring,

In joy let all unite!

Of love alone, here sing will we—

Of its wond'rous might shall our praises be.

*All.*

Tarry, ye moments,

Ye that in hast'ning,

Course soon pass by!

In the 'wild'ring whirl

Of joy, all too quickly

From us ye fly!

Like nymphs from the wooer,

Ye escape the pursuer:—

Yet oft in the flutt'ring race,

Vain is not the gallant chase.

Awaits us the banquet's sweetest delight!

Enjoy the moments before they take flight.

[*Epicharis leaves with her guest. Vindex remains alone. The slaves take away the torches. The scene is lighted only by the lampadaria.*]

*Vindex.*

Go without me! I have heard quite enough!

O how deeply thou art fallen, O Rome!

With my own eyes I have seen,

O Rome, thy shameful fall!

Unhappy Rome!

Farewell! Farewell ye all!—

Who is that in the gloom that I see?

'Tis a woman!

[*Vindex is about to leave when Crysa appears. She is greatly terrified.*]

*Crysa.*

Here I am safe! Give me ward!

O pity, I pray thee!

*Vindex.*

Say what danger makes thee to fear—

Gentle maiden?

Say, who would harm thee?

*Crysa.*

I was pursued! My steps were turned to my home—

When with wildering shouts came a band of carousers,

Their faces all mask'd, they followed fast on my footsteps,

It was there, near the bridge they o'ertook me—

My slave, all too faithful—

Guarded me from the wretches,

But his reward was death.

Him they seized, they tore him from me,

Cast him into the Tiber!

I fled! Soon they lost all my traces—

To this house then I sped!

And so came I to you.

Ah! Send me not forth again!

I plead, here on my knees.

*Vindex.* [*Raising her up.*]

I pray Thee rise! My arm shall protect thee.

*Crysa.* [*Listening.*]

I hear them no more,—my pursuers.

*Vindex.*

But what, then, led thee and thy faithful slave

All so late in the streets of Rome,—

That every night by bridleless bands are infested.

*Chrysa.*

For my mother, O, sir, whom sad fate long kept from me

So long, so long a time; alas, a hallow'd vow fulfilling.

*Vindex.*

In Vesta's temple, perhaps?

*Chrysa.*

Nay, 'twas another god.

{ See music,  
pages 33-35

O, mother, mother! why from me wert taken?

O, what cruel fate drove thee away from me?

And yet I am thine, though by thee forsaken,

My loving heart beats but for thee!

*Vindex.*

Hapless child, who, then, is thy mother?

Canst thou thy lot to me discover?

*Chrysa.*

Thankless were I, truly, should I trust thee not fully—

Naught be hidden from thee, who givest me ward and protection!

With one devoted slave, alas,

The faithful friend, who was taken

By death forever from me,

Lived alone through the days of my childhood.

A lowly house, by trees sweetly shaded, Where naught I heard of the world and its sorrows,

Sheltered us well—near to Evander's

Temple.

There, alone, I grew up.

I lived so still and quiet,

In the house, the enchanted,

In harmless delight.

My mother—the dearly lov'd—

Ah, how good is she, sir, and fair!

So fair!

Comfort brought to her child when afflicted;

O, what joy when we met !  
She came always at night,  
By some mystery surrounded,  
In secret, by sorrow oppress'd.

*Vindex.*

**Know'st thou the cause?**

*Chrysa.*

I know naught, except that she lov'd me.

## Vindex.

**Know'st not her name?**

*Chrysa.*

That from her never escap'd—  
I know her heart alone!

O, mother, mother, why from me wert  
taken!

Say what cruel fate drove thee away  
from me!

And yet I am thine, though by thee forsaken.

**My loving heart beats but for thee!**

*Vindex.*

O, lovely child, thus all forsaken,  
What gentle magic led thee here to me!  
What rapture sweet dost thou awaken?  
What precious jewel do I find in thee?

**Chorus.**

Enjoy the moments' sweet delight,  
For life doth pass with rapid flight.

## Vindex.

Come! Thy escort now I will be!  
Here, gentle child, thou may'st not linger.  
There are dangers to thee all unknown  
Lurking here in this place,  
Greater far than those on the Tiber!

[*Confused sounds and shouts heard on the streets.*]

*Chrysa.*

**Ah! Hear ye not the shouts?  
It is they! It is they!**

*Vinder.*

**Rather death, than leave thee unsheltered.  
Follow me !**

*Chrysa.*

God, O my refuge—  
O grant him thy aid—  
And on thy child have pity.

## Vinder.

Me forsooth they must kill  
Ere to thee wrong be done!

[*Vindex leads Chrysa away. Masked men enter the Peristyl, and drive off the slaves of Epicharis.*]

*Chorus of Augustans.*

Thou art ours, O dove so fair and tender,  
A lovely turtle dove art thou!  
And as booty, must surrender,  
To the vulture's talons now!

[*Nero enters accompanied by Tigellinus and Balbillus.*  
*All wearing masks.*]

*Nero.*

**Was it here ?**

*Tigellinus.*

Here in this house—she entered sure—  
She shelter sought in a temple pure.  
And ye rush'd blindly past—  
And never more had ye found her—  
Had not ye erring ones come at my call!

*The Augustans.*

Ours thou art, O dove so fair and tender,  
A lovely turtle dove art thou!  
And as booty, must surrender,  
To the vulture's talons now!

[*Epicharis appears, followed by Saccus, Terpander, Piso, Otho, Messala, Sporus, Rufus, all the guests, courtisans and slaves bearing torches.*]

*Epicharis.* [To the Augustans.]

Who dares thus here to enter,  
The larēs defying?  
Is then Rome without ward—  
By barbarians o'er-ridden?

*Nero.*

Calm thyself, gentle Epicharis!  
Deprive us not wrongly of booty—  
Nay the pretty dove surrender,  
That gallantly we chased—  
The dove, so fair and tender,  
And just to the hunter's taste!  
Give us the booty fair—

Sent by Phœbus as our dower,  
Or by the Gods—beware!  
And woe—if from our power  
Ye to wrest her shall dare!

*Augustans.* [To *Epicharis*.]

Quick the pretty dove surrender, etc.

*Epicharis.*

Ye are deceived! Doubt ye my word!  
No one in here is hidden! Monster!  
Tear the mask from his face.

I care not for his threats,  
Thou shalt tremble—  
Nero himself shall be thy judge.

*Nero and Chorus.* [Ironically.]

Ha, ha, ha! A most audacious notion—  
Nero his judge!

*Saccus.*

[To *Epicharis*, still in ironical tones.]

Nay, by the god of thieves.  
They have right to their laughter!  
Wilt to the Emperor, thou?  
To thy friend, thy protector?  
Who as pattern can all of us shame.  
Nero, the very virtuous Cæsar,  
With his brood of Augustans  
Ready to do every wrong  
The fools of the whole Roman empire,  
His assistants by day  
And by night his claquers.  
If for judge such as this their quest  
They had good right to their jest.  
Nay, look not to Nero for aid,  
Of their Emp'ror they're not much afraid.

*Chorus of guests.*

Yea, truly! So it is!

*Nero.* [Aside.]

Ha! wretched viper's tongue. Woe!  
Of thy speech thou shalt bitter repent.

[To his companions.]

Enough; the hand to the sword,  
And search well the burrow!  
Follow me!

*Vindex.*

He who first shall attempt  
O'er the threshold to pass,  
By my hand he shall fall!

The hapless child whom ye pursue  
Sought my protection! I'll guard her well  
Here with my sword! I, Vindex,  
Prince of Aquitania!

*Nero.*

Madman! Me, would'st thou defy?  
Know'st who I am?

*Vindex.*

And wert thou Nero's self!

*Nero.*

Yea, truly— 'Tis—he himself!

*Vindex.*

What then?

*Epicharis and Guests.*

Nero 'tis! Be silent, friends.  
Seeks the tiger a victim, we know well  
how it ends.

*Saccus.*

Cæsar, a word from thee—and never a one  
escap'd thee—  
Yet the cries of the victims enhanc'd not  
the joy of the fête.  
Nobler revenge, forsooth, canst have for our  
reckless deed—  
Invite us all to join in the feast of thy love  
And assist at the wedding!

[Great astonishment.]

Soon 'twere done, and right easily.  
Thou hast but to command us:  
As witnesses choose the toppers around,  
The fools here assembled; let each  
Just play his own rôle at his pleasure.  
Balbillus, the augur, he pronounce bene-  
diction!

Piso, Rufus, watch well over the law!  
Epicharis teach to the bride of her duties!  
Terpander, he the lyre shall play us;  
And when the altar's fires are burning,  
So to prevent the blind ruling of chance,  
I will sing the Hymenæus, if I may presume,  
After thee, O, Cæsar, to sing!

*Piso.* [Aside.]

Hypocrite!

*Terpander.* [Aside.]

Ah, we are rescued.

*Nero.*

So be 't!

My heart knows naught of vengeance,  
And I'm pleased with the plan. It is good!  
Ye are pardoned.

*Chorus of Guests.*

What a heart! Cæsar hail!  
How sublime, how glorious!

*Messala, Sporus, Chorus of Conspirators.*

How can virtue prevail  
If such crimes be victorious!

*Nero.*

Thou, Saccus, shalt my groomsman be.  
Go; bring to me my bridal beauty!

[*Saccus tries to enter the inner apartments. Vindex bars the way.*]

*Vindex.*

Venture not to approach her.

*Saccus.*

Stand back!

Thou arrogant fool! Stand away!

*Nero.*

[*To Vindex.*]

Pay heed!

Thy folly soon were brushed aside.  
But I'll offer thee fair terms.

I, Nero, Emp'ror of Rome!  
Thy nocturnal street beauty  
Would as Vestal pass muster:  
So!

If the maid be not known  
To our hostess, why, then,  
She shall be thine!

But if to her she be known,  
She belongs then to me.

Dost agree?

[*To Tigellinus, aside.*]

There'll always be time  
To assert our good right.

*Vindex.*

Be it so.

*Nero.*

Why, then, lingers the fair one!

*Chorus.*

The sentence rests with thee, Epicharis!  
Take care!

*Epicharis.*

What gives me anguish all so great?

[*Chrysa is led in to the assembly.*]

*All.*

Behold her!

*Chrysa.*

Tell me whither ye lead?

*Epicharis.*

O, horror!

*Chrysa.*

My mother!

*Vindex.*

What! The child of Epicharis?

*Nero.*

Ha, ha! The child of Epicharis!

*Epicharis.*

Have pity! Is there here  
No arm ready to shield her?

*Vindex.*

[*To Nero.*]

By all the gods, Cæsar,  
If she suit well thy taste  
Take her away! She is thine!

*Chrysa.*

[*To Epicharis.*]

But who art thou, O mother?

*Chorus.*

Who is she? Ha, ha!

*Epicharis.*

Have pity! Silence!  
My strength is taken from me.

*Nero.*

Epicharis, who is she?

*Epicharis.*

[*To Nero.*]

Silence! Silence! She shall be thine!

*Chrysa.*

I his! O God!

*Epicharis.*

[*To Chrysa.*]

Obey, but have faith in me!  
Thou shalt not be harmed!

*Chrysa.*

O mother!

*Romans.*

See how pale she is with fear!

*Saccus.*

Maidens all begin your duty,  
The bride deck out in raiment fair,  
And, in ancient wise, our beauty  
For the wedding rites prepare.

[*The maidens begin to fasten on the bridal ornaments, laughing the while. Epicharis beckons to a female slave, with whom she whispers. The slave leaves.*]

*Chorus of Maidens.*

{ See music,  
pages 35-38

Deck thee with the tunic fair,  
In toga should no wife appear,  
Braided now thy bridal hair,  
As is custom, with the spear.

Round thy loins the girdle place,  
Round thy brow the circlet cling,  
And the veil the bride must grace,  
Here the wreath that joy shall bring.

Spotless, stainless be thy life,  
To thy lord a faithful wife;  
Fair and true to him alone  
Who hath chos'n thee for his own.

Prudent be, as matron wise,  
Be of women thou the prize;  
As the bee's thy hours be spent,  
Thine be blessing and content.

*Chorus of Men.*

Ah! 'Tis food enough for laughter!

*Nero.*

Ye, Piso, Rufus; write,  
And pay out the bridal dower—  
A million sesterces.

[*Ironical laughter by Tigellinus, Balbillus, and the Augustans. Piso and Rufus write upon their tablets, their faces troubled.*]

My name:

Cæsar, Claudius Nero,  
Singer and Lord of the Romans.  
Balbillus, thou

Pronounce the auspices!

[*The preparations for the marriage ceremony are begun.*]

*Balbillus.*

[*With folded hands, his eyes raised to heaven, parodying the sacred rites.*]

Pilumnus! Picumnus!  
On this pair in grace look down.  
Picumnus! Pilumnus!  
Let not harm upon them frown!

*Chorus.*

Pilumnus! Picumnus!  
On the twain in grace look down.  
Picumnus! Pilumnus!  
Aye, befriend them,  
Aye, defend them,  
Ye, the house's gods,  
From harm defend them.

*Vindex.*

[*Aside.*]

They call on the gods themselves,  
In hideous jest,  
To witness the crime all so shameless.

*Balbillus.*

[*Taking dice from his pocket.*]

The lot has fallen—  
The fates now speak:

[*He throws the dice; a slave examines them.*]

Praise ye the good  
The gods declare:  
"A joyous life  
The twain shall share."

*Chorus.*

Praise ye the good  
The gods declare:  
"Bright is the lot  
The twain shall share."

[*Slaves bring in wine in bowls and hand to those present.*]

*Nero.*

[*Advancing to embrace Chrysa.*]

My bride!

*Chrysa.*

Heaven!

*Saccus.*

[*To Nero.*]

Nobly play'd.

*Balbillus.*

[*Lifting up the drinking bowl and pouring out the wine into a tripod, which has been brought in by a slave.*]

Bacchus, thine the wine!  
Juno, thee I implore!  
Ceres, hail! Phœbus, hail!  
Pluto, hail! Venus, hail!

*Chorus.*

Bacchus, thine the wine!  
Juno, thee we implore!  
Ceres, hail! Venus, hail!

*Chrysa.*

O, horror!

[*Epicharis gives Chrysa a bowl of wine which has been brought in by the young female slave to whom she had whispered a short time before.*]

*Epicharis.*

Do not tremble! Take the cup!  
Drain it off without fear.

*Chrysa.*

O mother!

[*She drinks, and, at a sign from Epicharis, takes up a position with Nero in front of Balbillus.*]

*Balbillus.*

[*To Nero and Chrysa.*]

Let the hands be join'd,  
Let all witness be;  
Here united, one,  
Wed are ye!

[*To Nero.*]

To her ward shalt lend,  
Be her love and friend  
To the end!

[*To Chrysa.*]

Here let all witness  
The seal is upon her!  
Henceforth she be  
Watch and ward  
Of his honor!

*Chorus.*

Now shall the pair  
Their happiness share!

*Saccus.* [*To the Slaves.*]

The wedding torch now lighted be!  
Fetch the spindle, the basket of willow  
well wove—

Symbols of household joy and of marital  
virtue.

The wreaths and flowers then bring, for the  
gods, the propitious,  
Penatēs and larēs, that the house and the  
hearth protect.

[*The slaves light wax torches, bring in spindles and basket, and decorate the images, the Larēs and Penatēs, with flowers.*]

*Chorus of Girls.*

[*Mocking Chrysa.*]

Soon thou wilt wool be spinning,  
Newly wedded life beginning;  
And time goes fleetly winging,  
Much joy and comfort bringing,  
And husband's favors winning  
If thou but keep on a-spinning.

*Chorus of Men.*

[*Teasing Chrysa.*]

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Pretty, pray,

Don't delay,

Let not thy husband wait:

Oh, the anguish

If he languish

In such a woeful state!

**BALLET.**

*Saccus.*

[*After the bridal procession has been arranged.*]

And now the Epithalam.—  
Terpander, take thou the lyre.

*Vindex.*

Nay, by Hercules!

The honor of singing is mine!

*Nero.*

Be it so; sing away!

*All.*

Sing away! 'tis Cæsar's will!

[*A lyre is handed to Terpander. He takes a place on an elevation; Vindex beside him.*]

*Nero.*

Pay heed; Terpander's master-hand.

*Vindex.*

[*Ironically.*]

My song is to thee,  
Warder of marriage!  
Son of Urania,  
Let thy blessing on them rest!  
Hymen, to thee  
Have they their hearts surrendered!  
Hymen, to thee  
Now shall my hymnus be tendered!  
My song is to thee,  
Hymenæus!  
Bless thou this pair!

*Chorus.*

All hail! All hail! Hymenæus!

*Vindex.*

How bright is Cæsar's star!  
How wondrous fair his bride!  
To him, whom the gods attend,  
See beauty lauding, bend!  
Hail to him!  
His fame shall never perish;  
Hail to her  
Whom Cæsar's love shall cherish!  
Hear us! Hear us! Hymenæus!  
Bless thou this pair!

*Chorus.*

Hear us! Hear us! Hymenæus!

*Vindex.*

Eros leads the way,  
Hymen bears the torch,  
And fair Venus safely guides  
To the realm where love abides.  
Hail, Epicharis,  
Who the bride consecrated!  
Hail, Chrysa, hail!  
To a Nero well-mated!  
My song is to thee,  
Hymenæus!  
Bless thou the twain.

[*Epicharis has followed every one of Chrysa's movements. As the latter arrives at the Peristyl she suddenly places her hand to her heart and reels.*]

*Chrysa.*

[*Falls.*]

Ah, mother, save me!

*All.*

She is dying!

*Epicharis.*

[*Supporting the body of her daughter.*]

What would ye more?

[*To Nero.*]

She dies! and by my hand!

*Vindex.*

[*Aside.*]

And was I then deceived?

*Epicharis.*

In truth, better that she should here  
Lie pale in death than living be thy booty!  
[*To the Chorus.*]

And ye; would ye condemn me?

*Nero.*

[*Aside.*]

Accursed be thy treacherous deed!

*Piso.*

Hapless child!

*Terpander.*

[*Aside.*]

Is it death? or is she in sleep?

*Vindex.*

[*To Nero.*]

Behold! Cæsar is victor!  
Father is he of his people!

[*Continuing in the tone of the Epithalan.*]

Glory, O despot!  
Harken ye all and tremble!  
The gods doth he surely resemble—  
For his love bringeth death.

Chrysa was, aye,  
The victim, foully mated,  
And in death  
Hath she now been consecrated.  
My song is to thee,  
Hymenæus!

Guardian of marriage, bless thou this pair.

*Nero.*

O, Fatum! cruel-breasted,  
Her from my arms thou hast wrested—  
Robbed her, by death, from me;  
With whose glory none could compare,  
And in beauty none so rare.

*Chorus.*

Shameless the deed! Traitress!

*Terpander.*

[*Aside.*]

Slumber shelters her safely, as death  
from dishonor. And what a weapon have

we in our hands if Chrysa still lives!  
Agrippina shall know it.

Nero.

[Observing Vindex, aside.]

Ha! Vengeance! Tremble!

Vindex.

[Aside.]

Tremble thou!

Nero.

[To his companions, pointing to Vindex.]

Take him hence! He defies me, forsooth!  
Accursed barbarian! We will see  
If the headsman can break this defiance  
unheard of.  
If he then will dare again to meet me with  
scorn!

Me, the Emperor of Rome!

[He leaves, followed by Tigellinus and Balbillus.  
The Augustans overpower Vindex.]

## ACT II.

### FIRST DIVISION.

[Poppæa's Apartment in the Imperial Palace.

Poppæa surrounded by her women, holding a silver mirror in her hand. Her toilette has just been completed. Balbillus the astrologer has informed her of the events of the preceding night, and that Vindex has been condemned to death. He has also informed her that Nero had already deposed Octavia. Poppæa informs Balbillus of a sign she had seen in the sky, which the astrologer interprets to her as giving promise that the throne would now be hers.]

*Chorus of Poppæa's Women.*

Proud as Venus thou in beauty,  
Reignest supreme o'er an empire!  
Lo, the Lord of the World bends before thee!

Yea, see at thy feet,  
Cæsar entreat!

Lo, on thy brow rests youth eternal,  
In thy glance a charm supernal!

Victory surely is thine

When thou art seen in thy majesty!  
Never shall flee thy beauty from thee!  
Don't rule the world and its lord,  
Thou alone art by Cæsar ador'd!

Poppæa.

[Alone.]

Yesterday eve broke on the night  
A dazzling light;

Long it lingered above me—  
"The throne is thine!"

Nay, did he speak me the truth?

Yes, Beauty, armor lending,  
The gods above, befriending,  
The throne shall win for me!

Bending in the dust, to me appealing,  
Lo, a world before me, kneeling,

In love and adoration see!

{ See music,  
pages 41-46

Crowned are my dreams by love!

Near to the gods, from Heaven above,  
I look upon the world.

Too great almost the crown's resplendence,  
Upon my will a world's dependence,  
Life and death beneath me whirl'd.

Vanish hate and envious quarrels,  
If men Beauty's realm proclaim;  
It alone can gain the laurels  
Of immortal fame!

Bending in the dust, to me appealing,  
Lo, a world before me kneeling;  
I supreme upon the throne,  
I its goddess! I, alone!

Balbillus.

The Emperor!

[Nero enters.]

Poppæa.

May the gods protect thee, O Cæsar.

Nero.

What? Does Nero's love not fill  
Thy heart with every terror?  
Canst thou his presence vile endure?

Poppæa.

For such suspicion I must, aye, reprove  
thee.

Can Nero still have doubt how tenderly I  
love thee?

Of what can I complain about thee, surely?

Nero.

What?

*Poppæa.*

Former graces cherished,  
Surely have not perished!  
The glances bright can never  
Have lost their fire forever!  
From my cheeks have vanished  
The roses all! And banished  
The wondrous charm of voice  
That once could thee rejoice!  
Ah, who all then shall tell me!  
Who my misery dispel me!  
He whom I adore  
Loves me no more!

*Nero.*

So beautiful I never yet have seen thee!  
But why chide me!

*Poppæa.*

Why further, if thy troth has been broken,  
With thy love deride me!

*Nero.*

Nay, by my oath!

*Poppæa.*

I must believe thee!  
But are there not eyes more beautiful than  
mine  
That our love imperil! The gods offended  
Know well thy transgression, and will damn  
it and us.

*Nero.*

An enigma, thy words.

*Poppæa.*

Agrippina, Octavia—a mother—a wife!  
Woe is me!

*Nero.*

Enough! Wouldst mock my love!  
My mother grasps at power alone;  
And my wife, she hath deceived me.

*Poppæa.*

She her troth to thee broken!  
A lie most shameful! Canst thou prove it!

*Tigellinus.* [Enters.]

Cæsar, a derelict spouse, in her guilt over-  
taken,  
Hath received her reward. Octavia is no  
more.

*Nero.*

And wilt thou still from me flee! See!  
All Rome is here;  
Homage to me they declare;  
The throne is free.  
Wilt thou with me its glory share!

[*Tigellinus has opened the curtains concealing the gallery. Servius is seen, surrounded by priests, senators, patricians, guards, slaves, etc. Saccus is among them. The chorus of women appears.*]

*Chorus.*

Honor to thee; thy people applaud thee;  
Weakness it were, and of Cæsar un-  
worthy,  
If the shame were not punished,  
If the crime remain unavenged,  
Done to thee, the gods, and to Rome.  
Hail, Cæsar, hail! Thou art sapient and  
gracious;  
Gracious and just art thou!

*Nero.*

To the gods alone should we give thanks  
and glory.  
Servius, go thou, lead us the way;  
We will follow to the shrine of Evander.

*Servius.*

There at the altar I will await thee,  
And may his guidance Jupiter lend thee.

[*Servius leaves, followed by the priests.*]

*Nero.*

[*Scanning those around him.*]

Among ye all I search for many in  
vain. Piso! Rufus!

*Saccus.*

Thankless wretches!

*Balbillus.*

And traitors!

*Nero.*

And Thræseas!

*Saccus.*

Thræseas is sentenced!

*Nero.*

I bethink me, aye. Did he not  
Of my song make merry and jest!

Well, forsooth, he is sorry enough!  
But, if he is not, good friends,  
Say what chastisement would ye that I  
give him?

*Senators.*

Death!

*Nero.*

Let him be hither led;  
Through these halls ye shall lead him.

Ye friends, give me advice.  
A mighty and different Rome  
I would leave to her children.

Destroy all her palaces!  
Level her hills!  
And in ruins bury her temples!

*Tigellinus.*

A messenger, sent by thy mother, Agrip-  
pina.

[*Terpander enters, then Thraseas, an aged Christian.  
Vindex.*]

*Nero.*

Thou here, Terpander?

*Terpander.*

I am sent to thee by thy mother,  
Bringing affectionate greetings:  
Asking that thou no longer  
May'st close thy heart to her prayers.  
To the heavenly Poppæa  
Also sends she her prayers,—  
Asking that she may with favor  
Hail her return,—and aye,  
This casket, as symbol of her love!

*Poppæa.*

[*Opening the casket.*]

All these treasures for me!  
O marvel! A diadem!

*Terpander.*

And what fitter brow could be found  
For these symbols of rank so exalted?

*Poppæa.*

If Cæsar, as I, for the absent one feel com-  
passion,  
She will be welcomed here in fitting and  
loving fashion.

*Nero.*

Thy word to me is command!

*Terpander.*

The glittering gem conceals fair Chryse's  
features!

He too must, aye, admire it,  
And so she herself will place  
The lovely picture in his hands.  
I'll watch keep over them both.

*Nero.*

[*To Terpander.*]

What favor could I e'er refuse  
To Terpander, the genius?  
Whom the marvelling people  
With laurels oft crowned?  
Whom I love—yes, love and admire!  
Who by his wondrous song,  
By his playing enchanted,  
Happy ones made blissful,  
And foes made to friends.  
Thou, Roma's pride and glory,  
Take thou the lyre in hand,  
Still, by thy magic skill,  
The desire of thy ardent admirers;  
And I myself will sing  
Supported by him,  
The grief and the love of Iphigenia,  
Whom a terrible fate  
Tore from the side of her mother.

*Chorus.*

O, silence! Cæsar will sing!  
Heavenly delight! Bliss too divine!

*Nero.*

Silence!

Be your Cæsar forgot when the Singer is  
heard!

The highest of all is Art; this never forget.

[*A slave returns with a lyre, which he hands to Terpan-  
der. Poppæa seats herself, and her women take  
jewels from the casket sent by Agrippina and put  
them upon her. Nero assumes the attitude of a min-  
strel (improvisator). Terpander accompanies him,  
playing on the lyre, but never taking his eyes away  
from Poppæa and her actions.*]

{ See music  
pages 47-49.

"O, Fate, all so remorseless! On my  
pathway strideth

Inexorable death.

Woe that the Night with dark'ning shadow  
glideth

So near to my morning's path!"

[*Thraseas, led by guards, appears in the gallery.  
Nero turns upon him, angry at the interruption.*]

Nero.

Is that not Thraseas? Apollo disarms me!  
Forgotten be all that he did. Thraseas,  
If to my song thou wouldst hearken, so  
stay.

[*Thraseas shrugs his shoulders in disdain and disgust.*]

*The Chorus.*

Little of fear hath he, in truth, of death!  
Woe to him!

Nero.

Ah! to thy Emperor's voice fain wouldst  
not listen!

Go on, Terpander, let him not disturb thee.

[*He motions to the guards to lead Thraseas away.*]

"O, why pursue me ever the bitter pangs  
of my yearning?

And every prayer is in vain!

O, woe! never more to my mother return-  
ing,

Nevermore see each other again."

*Chorus.*

Nevermore see each other again!

[*An aged Christian is led in by the guards.*]

Nero.

Still more of death's unfortunates!  
What crime hath he committed?

*Balbillus.*

A Christian of the outcast sect,  
To the blackest crimes ever ready!

*Saccus.*

Abandoned thieves and loathsome worms.

*Tigellinus.*

Dark assassins! Poisoners

Nero.

[*After reflecting awhile.*]

They can be useful to me.

[*He motions the guards to lead the Christian away  
and then turns to Terpander.*]

*Poppæa.*

[*To the women, who are fastening on an armband  
taken from among the presents sent by Agrippina.*]

Ha, what a face! a very masterpiece!

Nero.

And now, Terpander, play.

*Terpander.*

[*To himself.*]

The miracle hath happened.  
The portrait on her arm;  
Cæsar now must see it.

[*Terpander commences a prelude. Vindex appears  
in the gallery, led in by the guards.*]

*Vindex.*

He who now goes to his death  
Greets thee, O Cæsar!

Nero.

Vindex, 'tis well; let him die!

*Poppæa.*

No, no! but for an hour  
Let him live, I pray thee!

Nero.

And why?

*Poppæa.*

Said'st thou not

That my wish should be thy command?

Nero.

His presence awakens my rage!

*Poppæa.*

And why?

Nero.

[*Suddenly restraining himself.*]

So be it! [To Vindex.]

We wish to see thee; come nearer!

[*Vindex comes slowly forward.*]

*Poppæa.*

[*To Vindex.*]

From thee I would learn the cause  
Why to death they condemned thee!

*Vindex.*

Oh, a crime it was quite unheard of.  
Sang I not the nuptial song  
Of the lovely Chrysa, and Nero?

Nero.

Traitor!

*Poppæa.*

I knew it well!

*Vindex.*

See what an amorous fire  
Is burning still in his eye!

*Nero.*

What! wouldst mock me?  
Die, then, accursed one!

[*Cæsar motions to the guards to seize Vindex. In the same moment a great noise is heard outside. The guards hesitate, and Epicharis pushes her way to the gallery and endeavors to reach the Emperor.*]

*Vindex.*

He who goes to his death, greets thee, O,  
Cæsar!

*Epicharis.*

Let me pass! Cowards! Would ye prevent  
me!

*Nero.*

Epicharis!

*Epicharis.*

O, Cæsar! mercy, for Chrysa!  
Give my child back to me!

*Nero.*

Art thou mad? Has delirium seized thee?  
Wert thou not the one, O unnatural  
mother,  
Who, with thine own hand, didst poison  
thy child?

*Epicharis.*

Think'st thou that I gave her poison?  
Wouldst thou, then, mock my bitter sor-  
row?  
Robbers carried her off from the house's  
sheltering walls;  
And thou knowest too well where she now  
lingers.

*Nero.*

Alive!

*All.*

Alive!

*Epicharis.* [Kneeling.]

To thee I plead, with anxious breath.  
O, see, I humbly kneel before thee;  
Give me my child, I implore thee,  
Or end my sorrows in death.  
Lord over all, in thy appalling might,  
Be greater, through mercy, over thy wild  
passion's night.

*Nero.*

In thee have I been so mistaken!  
Who from my hand my fair bride hath  
taken?

What madman would my power defy?  
Curse him! He shall die!

*Poppæa.*

Cruel tortures! Hear the mother plead.  
Before his love must, aye, another fly.  
Shall such dark fate be mine? In need,  
With shame beladen, I for mercy cry.

*Vindex.*

In thy rage though death may lie,  
Thy murderous threats shall not unnerve me.  
Aye, if the gods my life preserve me,  
I'll shelter Chrysa, and thee defy.

*Terpander, Tigellinus, Saccus, Balbillus,  
and Chorus.*

In his rage grim death doth lie.  
Who can, aye, his wrath extinguish;  
He will ne'er the prey relinquish;  
Death were ours if we should him defy.

*Nero.*

And thy daughter still lives! Thou but  
feign'dst thy compliance.  
'Tis well; thy child I'll quickly find.  
But thou and Vindex, ye who mock me in  
defiance,  
To death shall be quickly consigned.

[*To Tigellinus.*]

Lead them away! Lead them to death;  
And hearken—let their lives end in torture!

*Poppæa.* [To Nero.]

Spare them! or to me give death!

[*Seizing Poppæa's arm, in his anger, his glances fall upon the armband. He suddenly restrains himself and lets Poppæa's arm sink slowly. Poppæa notices the gem which has attracted Nero's attention.*]

*Nero.*

Ah! By all the gods!

*Terpander.*

He recognized it!

*Chorus.*

See! he reels!

Nero. [To Terpander.]

This face!

Terpander. [To Nero.]

Caution!

Nero.

[To Poppæa, tenderly.]

Dost thou wish? Let it be so;

Thy wish alone my grace procuring.

This sacrifice be proof enduring

That, ay, my love is more than idle show.

[He takes Poppæa's hand and raises it to his lips, observing sharply the picture the while.]

Vindex. [To Epicharis.]

Come; our God will soon liberate us!

Epicharis.

Come! come!

Poppæa. [To Balbillus.]

Balbillus, see! [She shows him the portrait.]

Balbillus.

What! Chrysa!

Poppæa.

[Glancing at Terpander.]

O, monster thou, and traitor!

Nero. [To Terpander.]

Terpander, we are due, forsooth,

At the Temple of Evander.

Thy place henceforth here at my side shall be.

Saccus and all.

Glory, O Cæsar! glory to thee!

(TRANSFORMATION.)

SECOND DIVISION.

[A public square in Rome. People come from all sides, women, children, aged Romans and aliens, (Gauls, Germans, Greeks, Ethiopians, Christians, etc.) Lupus, a street gamin springs hither and thither among the crowd, mocking and jesting. Sellers of fruit and refreshments move about, offering their wares.]

SCENE I.

Chorus of Roman People.

Glory, Nero, to thee!

Thou our protector in trials and dread!

Hast from us care and misery driven,  
Hast to thy hungry people given  
The circus and bread.

Boundless thy grace—

Thou art the world's defender!

Rome is, in all her splendor,

Of the gods the dwelling place!

Lupus and Chorus.

Hear the trumpets! See they're coming!

No, no—they're the buffoons and followed

by jugglers—

See they come in their gaudy confusion.

[A wagon surrounded by jugglers arrives on the scene.

On it are seated the leaders of the troupe and around them players on various instruments.]

Leaders of the Troupe.

Everywhere, where'er we wander'd around

Shone fully forth our talents resplendent—

Pray let your plaudits now be richly  
squander'd—

Now reed-pipes and cymbals—sound!

On your good will we're dependent.

BALLET.

Dance of warriors—A group of Bacchantines chased by the jugglers—The former call the warriors to assist them—The jugglers are defeated and the warriors carry off the Bacchantines as their booty—The multitude applauds—Trumpets heard in the distance—Great commotion among the crowd—The jugglers make their escape—The people press towards the background, anxious to catch the first glimpse of the procession.

Kinga Balla, Lupus, and others.

Now they're coming! Don't you hear!  
Room! Make room, plebeians,  
And the Emperor's slaves!

Chorus of People.

[Enter Victors, Soldiers, Centurions, Pretorians, Priests, Vestals.]

See, there is Nero!

Where? There! Behold!

Where is he, where?

Press not so hard,

There's naught to be seen!

What a confusion!

See there, the Pretorians!

*Journal*

Snave and delusion  
To hoodwink the masses.  
Ah, how grand! See, he comes!  
Who sits in his chariot?

Terpander,  
Agrippina's freedman surely!  
See you not? What an honor?  
Will she to Rome ever more venture?  
Nevermore! Is she afraid? Ha, ha!  
He would not his mother surely slaughter?  
He don't always do that which he ought to!  
But where tarries Poppæa?  
In Vesta's temple, praying!  
You know not what you're saying.  
And the hapless Octavia?  
The innocent victim!  
What, ye bewail Octavia? What!  
Such a godless, dissolute woman!  
Nay, she was virtuous and blameless!  
A victim of violence shameless!  
Let her guilt, pray, be nameless!  
See Rome's patricians!  
The arrogant Augustans!  
Otho I see not among them.  
By Hercules! His wife  
Smoothens for him the pathway to glory;  
Gave her to Nero—the same old story.  
Shameless rascals, these same Augustans!  
Murderers, they, and banditti!  
The terror of all wives and maidens!  
Their nightly orgies—what excesses!  
Their lord's claquers and prancing asses!

[*Consuls, Tribunes, Patricians and Augustans.*]

Petronius made fun of them—  
Petronius! For which he died!  
And Seneca!—Naught puts him out;  
He is too rich and all too learned—  
And has the gout.  
Then Thræseas died, the friend of virtue—  
We've had no greater.  
Pity, such a music hater!  
But only when Nero sang.  
And there he was right—  
It came from his spite!  
And yet he sings right well!

A hideous yell!  
The Greeks with wreaths around him  
flocked,

And mock'd!  
At Naples he'd much praise!

But Rome didn't follow the craze!  
What a singer!  
Such genius showing—  
More like a rooster crowing!  
Cæsar's a fool with his singing!  
And such art in his playing—  
A Cæsar with jugglers springing!  
Pray mind what you're saying!  
The country's butt and rod—  
In truth he is a god!

[*Prisoners, Princes, Warriors, Women, Children,  
all in fetters.*]

Ah, see there the prisoners;  
Princes, princesses, warriors.  
We see them all. Pitiful their need;  
Death were good for them indeed.  
Grand are the plans  
With which his brain is teeming—  
His the world—  
And now against heaven he's scheming.  
A monster grim,  
On Rome's throne well seated—  
Humanity defeated!  
Now our Rome, her palaces and her temples  
By fire would fain destroy.

Have care!  
Thou liest! So spake he truly!  
Madness unheard of—  
That he will never dare!  
Lies alone can thy false lips utter!

[*Cages with wild beasts.*]

Ah, see! a lion and a tiger! ah!  
A fearful, horrid sight!  
O the horrid monsters! see  
How terrible their might.

[*Presents treasure carried and drawn by black slaves.*]

See the wond'rous treasures,  
And the precious gems—all stolen!  
Lived but Britannicus now,  
Surely had we  
Never all so deeply fallen!  
What bring the others?  
Unendurable quite  
This gossip and chatter!  
Never had he a right  
To Roma's realm and throne!  
You'll chatter your heads off soon!  
Have we ever in Rome  
Seen such splendor as this?  
Yes, a wond'rous thing for Rome it is!

The triumph of Germanicus  
More glorious seem'd to me.  
Who with Nero can in might compare?  
Who with such glory, aye, hath fed us?  
You forget all too soon the shows  
That other Cæsars often spread us.  
Have ye not heard the narrative gory,  
The too hideous deed that hap'd in Rome?  
In secret whisper'd goes the fearful story.

A mother murder'd her daughter,  
And this before her guests,  
'Mid song and laughter.

Demilish deed!

Never in Rome was such a deed e'er done.  
O what terror-haunted days are these we  
live in!

Say, then, what news have ye to give us?  
Now Cæsar—Nero, the Great—is at hand!  
He comes! Ah, what a head! Noble  
features!

The worst are not the ugliest creatures!  
Yes, she is right; Claudius was much  
finer.

And yet, all the same, a donkey. Ha, ha,  
ha, ha!

He comes! he comes! he is there! See,  
he comes!

[Nero, Tigellinus, Saccus, Cassius, Terpander,  
Servius and Priests; then Agrippina, Poppæa  
and Balbillus, Epicharis and Vindex. The  
portals of the temple are opened. Servius and  
Priests appear at the threshold. Nero descends  
from his chariot, leaning upon Terpander.]

General Chorus of the People.

Hail, Nero hail!

Thou art our Emperor; thou our defender!  
Long may thy life be with fame and  
glory crown'd!

Thou art the people's wonder and splendor!

Nero, thy glory shall forever resound!

Thou of the gods art beloved indeed,

And thy reign brings an era of bliss to the  
wondering world.

[Servius and Priests descend from the steps of the  
temple. Agrippina is carried on to the scene in  
a richly ornamented chair, borne by slaves. She  
throws herself at Nero's feet.]

Agrippina.

My son!

Nero.

Thou at my feet! O mother!

Agrippina.

That up to thee thou me may'st raise!

Nero.

All that estranged us now be forgotten.  
I ween thou wouldst fain seek thy home;  
There I will seek thee later.

Agrippina.

All that thy yearning heart desires—

Chrysa—

[Nero starts.]

Nero.

[To the people.]

Good Romans, ye shall praise with me

My mother, whom I revere.

Love her, too, as ye me love,

And in her honor let us enjoy the Circen-  
sian games.

The People.

Hail, Nero! What delight! The Circen-  
sian games!

Lupus.

Nero, hail! that's the thing! The circus!

[Poppæa, veiled, appears, with Balbillus. She  
points to the house of Epicharis and then enters  
it, bidding Balbillus wait for her.]

Servius.

The gods above look down rejoicing,  
The wide world bends beneath thy  
tread!

Here let us all, our praises voicing,

Thank those who watch keep o'er thy  
head!

[Servius ascends the steps leading to the temple. He  
is followed by Priests and by Nero, leading  
Agrippina. Poppæa comes from the house with  
Epicharis and Vindex.]

Chorus of Priests.

Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, ye heavenly hosts,  
Virgin Vesta, goddess of fire,

O be ye shield to his head, his shelter and  
glory.

Poppæa.

[To Epicharis, pointing to Agrippina.]

Thy daughter is with Agrippina.

*Epicharis.*

With Agrippina? Can it be?

*Vindex.* [To *Epicharis.*]

Nay, by the gods; I'll bring her back to thee!

*Poppæa.* [To *Vindex.*]

Go; count upon me; I'll give you every aid!

[To *Nero.*]

Aye, her charms, forsooth, thy heart hath ravished,

O Nero, prudent be;  
Though once on thee much love I lavished,  
Know that for treason vengeance waits for thee!

Blind, may'st thou nobler ways forsake,  
Mockingly in blood may'st welter;  
But I, the victim that thou now wouldst make,  
Against thy lust will shelter.

Within thy net wouldst thou her captive take.

Nero—'ware that victim's cry—  
I know thee well, and thee defy.  
With thee, down to the depths  
Hast thou long striven to drag me,  
But by the gods, I know thee well, and thee defy!

*Epicharis.*

Beloved child!  
Helpless art thou before thy captor shameless.

What anguish! O were I near!  
Filled is my soul with terror nameless.  
But take heart; soon freed shall be  
Thou from thy great misery!  
Thy fair young life to save  
Against the tyrant's rage,  
All will, aye, a mother brave.

Yea, I thee defy!  
Beloved child!  
We'll lead thee forth to freedom,  
Thy fair young life we'll save.

*Vindex.*

Hapless child; helpless thou and stainless.  
O what anguish! Would I were near!

I will not tremble, though, 'mid terrors nameless,  
If o'er me watch thy spirit pure and blameless—

I'll save her, O Nero, from thee!  
To thee wouldst thou fain drag down, Nero,  
One all so pure and blameless?  
To thee, yes down to the depths,  
Down to thy orgies all so shameless!  
But by the gods, I will save her from thee!

*Nero.*

I am God!

*The People.*

Hail, Nero, hail! Emperor thou, and God!

*Servius and People.*

Here truly, Cæsar, thou art God!

*Saccus, Terpander, Tigellinus, Balbillus.*  
Hail, Nero, hail! Now thou art God!

## ACT III.

### FIRST DIVISION.

[A small room in the house of *Epicharis.*]

*Chrysa.*

O Fates, ye cast your shadows o'er me!—  
Visions of terror rise up, grim, before me!—  
No, no! Foolish dread! Idle fears!  
For *Vindex* gives me ward.  
Trials but to God recalling—  
Flee ye gloomy phantoms appalling—  
Sheltered by my armor—I do not fear—  
Strong in my own sweet faith—  
And God is ever near. { See music  
pages 50-53.

O Thou of grace, the well o'erflowing,  
Hear me when I humbly plead:  
O'er life's thorny pathways going,  
Thou me, Lord, in pity lead.

Be the flame, that, all-impelling,  
Courage gives to hearts that fear:  
Be the star—for ever telling,  
That a new bright day is near.

O reveal in truth transcendent,  
What so long my soul confess'd—  
Let me on thy earth resplendent,  
In his love—on earth be blest!

O where does my mother then linger!  
Must I always be trembling for her?  
T'was here I hop'd to find thee—

O these anxious fears, that my lovely dream  
has banish'd—

Hasten, O mother, to thee would my heart  
Speak of all its hopes and all its wishes:  
But does she really love me? To hope I  
scarcely dare!

But one thing I know—  
That I love him—love alone him—alone,  
Whose noble features I seek to banish  
Yet ever stay with me—  
And whose kindness and virtue and gentle  
faith

Shall ever live in my inmost heart.

[*Vindex* appears. *Chrysa* hastens to greet him.]

Ah, *Vindex*! I am afraid!  
If he me here should discover!

*Vindex.*

Safe enough art thou hidden!  
Led astray thy pursuer,  
By false reports deluded,  
He will not look for thee here,  
In this house so secluded.  
Here, O sweetest child,  
Here thou shalt find shelter and rest,  
Here too, the mother her lost one  
Shall clasp to her breast.

*Chrysa.*

My mother! I implore thee, say,  
Is she so near!  
But why did she ever desert me—  
Why stay'd she away?

*Vindex.*

Can'st trust every word that I utter—  
To preserve thee from harm,  
And shelter thee from thy pursuers  
She gave thee to my care—  
Confiding thy life and thy rescue to my hands.

*Chrysa.*

O gentle mother.

*Vindex.*

Oh, in truth now I know  
What all her sorrows brought—  
How can I ever efface  
All the wrong that on her I wrought?

See music }  
page 53. }

*Chrysa.* [In prayer.]

Father in heaven; Father of Mercy,  
In meekness bending, I would plead;  
Hear thou my prayer.  
O guard my steps, where'er their going;  
Oh source of mercy, ever-flowing,  
Leave not thy child without thy care.

*Vindex.*

Who is then this God of mercy  
From whom thou, O grief-beladen,  
Dost comfort borrow  
Praying to Heaven?  
Who sweetens all thy sorrow?  
Who faith hath given  
Strong in a brighter morrow,  
Illumining thy soul, O maiden?

*Chrysa.*

But thou, who giveth me ward  
With such gentle devotion,  
Tell me what did I to thee  
That once thou couldst basely spurn me?

*Vindex.*

O forgive; 'twas delusion and madness!  
O, in pity, forgive, forgive me!  
Utter once more the Word  
That from thy lips I heard;  
From thy lips, and from above—  
The word of Mercy and of Love!

*Chrysa.*

Nay, to forgive—for what then forgive?  
My heart already with eloquent voice hath  
spoken for thee.

*Vindex.*

*Chrysa*, I love thee.

See music }  
page 55. }

*Chrysa.*

[To herself.]

O fairest dream!  
O stay! Take not thy flight!  
Linger, linger, moments sweet,  
So sunny and bright!

Ah, he loves me! O heavenly glory!  
 Hear ye the wondrous story!  
 Living for him! With him to die!  
 O dream so sweet and bright—  
 Take not thy flight!

[To *Vindex*.]

Nay, thou wilt curse me;  
 Reach not hither thy hand;  
 Mine let it not touch.

*Vindex*.

What mean thy words?

*Chrysa*.

I am a Christian!

*Vindex*.

Chrysa—thou—a Christian?  
 I know what thy God, aye, teaches—  
 Virtue and kindness.

And I for that should curse thee!  
 O that thy faith

Me, too, converted, so that thy God  
 May be mine as thine.

[*Aside*.]

To Him I pray,  
 Thy God above,  
 That in His great mercy  
 He thy dear love  
 Preserve me always.  
 O Chrysa, speak!

*Chrysa*.

What joy, what joy, if I succeed,  
 In loving, to save him?  
 Him to my God to lead?  
 The true and the only God?  
*Vindex*!

*Vindex*.

Chrysa! speak further!

*Chrysa*.

What shall I say to thee? and how say it?

*Vindex*.

Let thy heart give me answer.

*Chrysa*.

Couldst thou yet have doubt  
 How my heart beats for thee?

*Vindex*.

O heaven! Words of her love!

*Chrysa*.

Yea, I love thee!

*Vindex*.

O Chrysa!

Now thou art mine! Forever mine!

*Chrysa*.

Thou lovely dream, take not thy flight!  
 Linger, linger hour unblighted!

Ah, to love thee, with thee united—  
 O moment of rapture, how joyous thy  
 sway!

With thee, in his love, O let me pass  
 away!

*Vindex*.

O lovely dream, O stay, take not thy  
 flight!

Linger, sweet moments, so sunny and  
 bright!

She loves me, O heavenly glory!  
 From her own lips the wondrous story!  
 Living and dying for thee!

O dream of light,  
 Take not thy flight! take not thy flight!  
 Who is thy God, who all so richly endow'd  
 thee,  
 And filled my heart with holy love of thee!

*Chrysa*.

Yes, thou shalt know Him in His wondrous  
 majesty.  
 To those who have lov'd him he opens the  
 portal  
 Of heaven and invites us to glory im-  
 mortal!

Your love lasts but a day,  
 His endures for aye and aye!  
 Death is for you the end, the blasting!  
 But us he calls, redeem'd, to dwell  
 With him in life everlasting!

[*Epicharis enters*.]

*Epicharis*.

My child!

*Chrysa*.

My mother!

*Epicharis.*

Away from thee, my child,  
I surely had died! [To *Vindex*.]  
The gifts of the god be thine!  
I cannot say thee enough!

*Vindex.*

They have answered thy prayers.  
I imagined thy life sorely threatened;  
Nero's vengeance is death!

*Epicharis.*

He held me a prisoner!  
He sought to wrest my secret from me,  
Threat'ning me with the tortures of hell!

*Chrysa.*

Ah!

*Epicharis.*

I laughed at his threats, at his minions;  
They might slay me,  
I would not betray thee!

*Vindex.*

Didst escape from his power?

*Epicharis.*

They gave me my freedom.

*Vindex.*

Who?

*Epicharis.*

I know not. He, or Poppæa?

*Vindex.*

Poppæa! Ah!

*Epicharis.*

Whom dost thou fear?

*Vindex.*

All! we must escape!

*Epicharis.*

Too late! Nero hath given command  
That the gates of Rome must be clos'd.

*Vindex.*

But Poppæa can shelter us—  
Provide us a way of escape.  
Wait for me here. [To *Chrysa*.]  
I know a place of safety—  
Yon side the Tiber!

There I'll lead thee if thou  
Place but thy trust in me!

*Vindex, Chrysa.*

Rome and sorrow far behind us,  
To skies unclouded let us go,  
Where united we may find us  
Bliss our hearts already know.

*Epicharis.*

O do not their glances tender  
Speak of love the gods bestow!  
In him she a strong defender  
Finds to guard her here below.

*Vindex.*

[Leaving.]

Farewell!

[*Chrysa has followed Vindex to the door. There she remains long ~~silent in thought~~. Epicharis gazes on Chrysa, goes up to her and embraces her tenderly, bringing her back to herself again.*]

*Epicharis.*

Dost love him!

*Chrysa.*

I love him.

*Epicharis.*

[Anxiously.]

And he? Say—hast thou him?  
Hath he thee well understood?  
A single moment brings  
Misfortune or bliss!  
He it was—who—when he thee wooed—  
Said that he loved thee—thee?  
The daughter of Epicharis?

*Chrysa.*

Why, O my mother, would'st add to thy  
woes—

He loves me—I love him, aye—  
Who then can our union oppose

If thou say yea!

Can the name of Epicharis with our bliss  
interfere?

Art thou not my own mother, whom I love  
and revere?

*Epicharis.* [Deeply affected.]

O my child—than life itself more treasur'd!

*Chrysa.*

Say, why dost thou sorrow, O why?

*Epicharis.*

My child, my child, if thou should'st ever  
 learn  
 Of my sorrowful life, then for me comes  
 the grave—  
 O promise me, thy mother, never to curse  
 me, nor spurn—  
 The woful being who life to thee gave!

*Chrysa.*

I e'er curse thee? Curse thee and spurn  
 thee!

Thee, thee, O mother! [Aside.]  
 O could I tell her that I am a Christian!

*Epicharis.*

Come to my arms that often held thee  
 In childhood's days:  
 Come, place thy hand in mine  
 And let me gaze  
 In thy eyes, O daughter, the while thou  
 listen to me.

[She seats herself and draws Chrysa towards her.  
*Chrysa seats herself on the floor, her head resting  
 on her mother's knees.*]

Dost thou recall the days, I cannot number,  
 The years gone by—I sat beside thy bed—  
 And songs caressing sang thee to thy slumber,  
 And watch kept o'er thy head.

See music  
 page 58.

O sleep my child, free from all sorrow—  
 Thy mother wakes!  
 O sweetly sleep, until to-morrow,  
 The sunlight breaks!

*Chrysa.*

And our souls to starlit golden  
 Realms together took their flight:  
 And in dreams, by slumber holden  
 Came the blissful rest of night.

*Both.*

O sleep my child, free from all sorrow—  
 Thy mother wakes!  
 O sweetly sleep, until to-morrow,  
 The sunlight wakes!

[Nero appears. The women rise up, terrified.]

\* \* \* \* \*

(The following is omitted in the performance):

*"Chrysa, Epicharis.*

Nero!

Nero. [To Epicharis.]  
 Didst think not sooth so soon to see me  
 again?  
 Sweet delusion. I let thee go, knowing  
 full well

The bird, once out of its prison, would  
 Be easily found with its gentle brood.

*Epicharis.*

What wouldst thou of us? In compassion,  
 In pity, O spare us.

*Nero.*

Aye, pity forsooth? By the gods!  
 Have I not mercy shown—thou still among  
 the living?  
 But enough of this meaningless fear and  
 commotion—  
 Is the love of an Emperor so contemptible,  
 so terror-creating?

[Looking at Chrysa with eyes aflame and in another  
 tone.]

But no—here comes not in the count the  
 glory of Cæsar's crown,  
 Yea—of its own free will shall Beauty  
 offer its homage.

*Epicharis.*

His words and his eyes of flame,  
 Chill me clear to the heart.

*Nero.*

Cæsar's god-given will,  
 Stoops to plead with thee;—  
 O this delirium still—  
 That thou hast awakened in me.  
 Come and robe thee in splendor,  
 As a queen to live and move;  
 Thou art the world's enchantment  
 And worthy of Nero's love!

Phœbe's luminous light  
 Spread its refulgence around thee;  
 Transfigured thee in the night,  
 There when first I found thee!

Conquered complete—  
 Was Nero, who bends at thy feet.  
 Forgive me for such licence taking—  
 Sweet one, no longer art thou,

2

In the monster's power now:  
Come and—ah, the beating still,  
Of a heart that is breaking;  
Cæsar is conquered: and bends to thy will!

*Chrysa.* [To herself.]

Nor the rack, nor the torture,  
Nor the martyrs' flaming fires,  
Can awaken the terror  
That Nero's love inspires.

*Epicharis.* [To herself.]

The misery, the destruction—  
In his glance the horrors dire—  
He dares in his madness  
To purity aspire.

*Nero.*

Well, Chrysa!

*Chrysa.*

Be gone!

*Nero.*

Afraid art thou! Is it Poppæa?  
Well then, she shall be the price. I will  
banish her;  
What more wouldst thou have? Her life?

*Chrysa.*

Ah!

*Nero.*

What more forsooth!

*Chrysa.*

Thy hate!

*Nero.*

Senseless answer!

*Chrysa.*

Hadst thou aught left of honor,  
Say what could I do to revile it—  
Cæsar, Cæsar—degraded by thy crimes?

*Epicharis.*

Al Chrysa!

*Nero.*

[Aside.]

Oh why must I suffer here such disgrace?  
To me, Cæsar, shame all so nameless—  
Cæsar repulsed by a creature shameless!  
She, to whom I threw down  
Basely my realm and my crown!  
Traitorous one!

Thou hast thy sentence upon thee provok'd.  
As my slave follow me hence—  
Aye to my chariot as booty enyoked—  
Thou the daughter of impenitence!

[*Epicharis, dumbstruck, falls upon her knees and clasps Chrysa's knees.*]

*Chrysa.*

O mother—calm thyself,  
Be thine, too, the faith that in me lives;  
For God, who all judges aright,  
Is, aye, the God who loves and forgives!

*Nero.*

Enough! Obey me! Come!

[*He attempts to drag Chrysa away.*]

*Chrysa.*

Sooner I'll die!

*Nero.*

[*Poppæa appears.*]

Poppæa!

*Poppæa.*

Behold! Varily Cæsar hath not deceiv'd me,  
He loves Chrysa—not!

[*Sheltering Chrysa with her arms.*]

Venture not to approach her.

*Nero.*

[*Rushing to the door at the back.*]

Oho! Guards!

[*The clatter of arms is heard.*]

*Saccus.*

Cæsar! Cæsar! Horror! Rome stands  
in flames!

*Nero.*

[*Suddenly, with a calm, cynical laughter.*]

By Hercules! It quite escap'd from my  
mind!

*Saccus.*

What?

*Nero.*

I gave up Rome a prey to the flames.  
Yes, 'twas I, who gave the command.

*Poppæa, Saccus.*

[Aside.]

Another outrage! A newer madness!  
O woe is Rome!

*Nero.*

A wondrous sight it must be—  
A sight for the gods themselves!

*Saccus.* [Bitterly.]

Yes, wonderful; but us, too, the fire will  
destroy!

*Nero.*

[*Is about to depart, but an alarming noise outside  
checks his steps.*]

So come!

*Poppæa.* [To Nero.]

Hear'st thou the noise? They are Rome's  
avengers.

*Nero.*

The people—is it not? demanding the  
wretches.  
So be it. Give them up to them!

*Saccus.*

Whom, then, whom?

*Nero.*

[*As if searching for an idea, then with great coolness.*]

Why—the Christians!

[*Saccus hastens away.*]

*Poppæa.* [To herself.]

O Nero, this outrage shall bring thee still  
newer retribution,  
For thy Chrysa, through me, shall die!

*Chorus.*

Death to all Christians!  
The monsters shall die!

*Nero.* [In ironic gentleness.]

Thy hand—incomparable Poppæa—  
Nero's guardian and saint!  
The show well deserves, forsooth,  
That we should give it attention—  
And admiring, applaud to the echo!

*Nero leads Poppæa by the hand and goes with her to  
view the conflagration."*

(TRANSFORMATION.)

## SECOND PART.

[*Public Square in Rome—With a view of the City and  
the Tower of Maccenas.*]

*Chorus of the Roman People.*

*First Chorus.*

See the famishing flames  
That light up the night  
With their glare—

O may the curse  
Of God on him rest

Who Rome's destruction could dare.

[*Another group comes in, horror stricken.*]

*Second Chorus.*

Night of awe and of dread!  
O whither fly? Through the flame's fierce  
breath!

Whither we flee there is misery and death!

O woe—fall do the walls on our head—

A funeral pyre—

All Rome is devour'd by the ravaging fire!

[*Another group of panic stricken people arrive.*]

*All.*

To death with all the Christians!  
Search for the monsters!

To death, the accursed ones,  
Cæsar gives them up to our ire;  
Blot them from the earth by slaughter and  
fire.

[*The people disperse, threatening death to the Chris-  
tians. The conflagration spreads.*]

SCENE II.—*Vindex, Epicharis, Chrysa; then Nero,  
Poppæa, Saccus, Tigellinus, Balbillus, and a number  
of Augustans.—Chrysa is brought in, supported by  
Vindex and Epicharis.*

*Chrysa.*

I can not further!  
My strength has all gone from me!  
Here, mother, I would die!

*Vindex and Epicharis.*

O save her, save her, ye gods!

[*Nero is seen on the Tower of Maccenas with Pop-  
pæa, Saccus, Tigellinus, and some of the Augus-  
tans.*]

*Vindex.*

Who is he yonder, on the tower of Mæ-  
cenas?

Nero!

*Epicharis.* [To *Chrysa*.]

My feet will bear me no more!

[*She drags herself painfully to a bench at the side of  
a house.*]

*Nero.*

What a sight, my friends, of grandeur un-  
equaled!

[To one of the *Augustans*.]

A lyre!

*Vindex.* [For himself.]

O mockery of hell!

*Chrysa.*

O mercy, Lord and God!

*Nero.*

[*Accompanying himself on the lyre.*]

See music }  
page 63.

I.

O Ilion!

O Ilion!

By the gods themselves upbuilt in pride!  
By the tears of a goddess sanctified,  
Thy glow now reddens the heavenly dome,  
In which thou wilt sink, O haughty Rome,  
Like Ilion!

Thy walls, on which glorious battles were  
fought,

And the avenging wrath of the gods set at  
naught,

Have fallen; only the ruins, the graves of  
the dead,

Remain to speak of thy former grandeurs  
fled.

II.

O Ilion,

O glorious Pergamon!

Beshadowed by Ida's hallowed height.  
How golden thy sheen in the fiery light!  
Thy glow now reddens the heavenly dome—  
In it thou wilt sink, O haughty Rome!

Thy foes up from the Ægean arise,  
And the guilt of love and beauty chastise,  
Blinded folly, thy rage could do naught  
but destroy!

And vanished forever is glorious Troy!

*Poppæa.*

Wilder than the fire's fury  
Rages the fire of hate within me!

*Saccus, Tigellinus, Balbillus.*

Inspired by the wondrous song and story,  
His soul awakens to its former glory!

*Chrysa, Epicharis, Vindex.*

Sing on, ignoble, o'er Rome's misfortunes  
laud thee,  
While Roma's coward people all applaud  
thee!

[*The conflagration spreads more and more. The  
people, women, the aged men, children, almost  
crazy from fear, come in from all sides.*]

*Chorus of People.*

Night of awe and of dread!

O whither flee through the flames' fierce  
breath—

Whither we flee there is misery and death!

O woe! fall the walls on our head!

Death to the Christians accursed!

To death are they condemned!

Cæsar gives them up to our ire;  
Blot them from the earth by slaughter and  
fire!

*Nero.* [On the tower.]

Slaughter them! show them no mercy!  
To death! Put them all to death!

*Chrysa.*

O madman!

*Epicharis, Vindex.*

O Chrysa!

*The People.*

[*Seeing Nero on the Tower.*]

Hail, Cæsar, hail!

[*Chrysa attempts to raise herself and strives to reach  
the tower. Epicharis and Vindex seek to restrain  
her.*]

*Chrysa.*

Let me go! Let me go!

[*Chrysa frees herself and reaches the people.*]

*The People.*

Hail, Cæsar, hail!

He comes in our need to protect us!

He indeed can save us!

Hail, Cæsar! thou whom the gods eternal  
As lord and father gave us!

*Chrysa.*

[*Addressing the people.*]

Men of Rome!

*Nero.* [*Recognizing Chrysa.*]

Earth and heaven! Chrysa!

[*He suddenly descends from the Tower, followed by Poppæa and some of his suite.*]

*Chrysa.*

[*Pointing to the burning Rome.*]

Ye, my brothers—Romans all—  
Why do ye not rise up, seeing this deed of  
hell!

O ye deluded! Innocent Christians  
Ye murder instead of yonder monster.

*The People.*

Who is the girl? What does she want?  
With reckless daring a Cæsar forsooth  
defying—

Curses and death to all Christians—  
Slaughter the wretches! Death to all!

*Epicharis.*

O my child—Helpless Chrysa!  
What hast thou done?

[*Nero enters, preceded by Tigellinus, Balbillus and Sarcus, who make a way for him through the crowd. Poppæa follows.*]

*Saccus, Tigellinus and Balbillus.*

Way! Way! for Cæsar!

*Nero.*

Ha! Chrysa! Now thou art mine!  
Forever mine!

*Chrysa.*

[*Seeing Nero comes to a sudden determination.*]

Ye Romans—

Hear the behests of Nero, your Cæsar—  
See—a Christian.

*Vindex.*

[*To Chrysa.*]

O Prudence!

*Nero.*

She lies!

*Epicharis.*

What said she? Chrysa a Christian!

*Poppæa.*

Nay, by all the gods, she lieth not!

*Nero.*

[*To Poppæa.*]

Thou fury!

*Chrysa.*

Yes, a Christian!

*The People.*

A Christian—then she is doom'd.

[*Chrysa is forcibly wrested from Vindex and Epicharis.*]

*All.*

Ah!

[*Chrysa falls, struck down by the people. Epicharis supports her in her arms.*]

*Nero.*

Brutal murderers!

*Poppæa.*

[*Leaving, casting a glance of despair on Nero.*]

That is my revenge!

*Chrysa.*

[*Dying.*]

Mother—lov'd one—sorrow laden.

*Epicharis.*

O lov'd—O hapless, dearest child!

[*Chrysa dies.*]

*Vindex.*

Thou Cæsar—remember—Chrysa and  
Rome!

Though your gods themselves be deaf—  
There needs but one man—that she  
And Rome be avenged!

[*He draws his sword and clears a way for himself amid the crowd, disappearing.*]

*The People.*

Ha, the alien! The alien!

*Nero.*

Yonder wretch—he must be captured—  
Living or dead!

[*The people are about to pursue Vindex, but the fire compels them to desist.*]

*The People.*

Ah—the fire is closing in steadily on us—  
The flames they are spreading and death  
is upon us.

Nero.

Grovelling, outcast wretches!  
Murderers—I curse ye all!

[*He leaves, bidding Saccus, Tigellinus and Balbillus to follow. The people also follow, lamenting.*]

*Saccus, Tigellinus and Balbillus.*

Hail, Nero, hail!

*Epicharis.*

[*Alone, pointing to the corpse of her daughter.*]

Vile assassins! Her God will avenge her—

Thou, my Chrysa, dead!

Consume me, ye friendly flames!

[*The house on the steps of which Epicharis lies stretched, falls in ruins and buries mother and daughter.*]

## ACT IV.

### FIRST DIVISION.

[*The interior of the Mausoleum of Augustus. The bronze doors open noisily. Nero comes upon the scene. He seats himself on a stone block to get breath.*]

Nero.

Yes, Nero flies! And the storm fast follows.  
All have betrayed me—all me deserted.  
The great earth trembles; the heavens are  
wrath—

I am here alone, around me the Night!

Nero, alas, thy hours are now numbered.  
Galba, Vindex—the Gallians' reckless  
horde,

And all the Legions against me! The people  
rage!

The heavens are filled with signs appalling,  
The world in chaos is falling—

The sun's lumining light—

Changed to darkness and night!

[*A fearful clap of thunder is heard.*]

Rage on, O wrathful thunder!

When on me thy bolts are hurled

Then rend thou asunder,

With me, the rolling world.

Where am I! Whither has fate

Sent me to hide!

A tomb!

Is it not that I see in the gloom—

O'er it a vaulted dome—

“Augustus?”

And thou—is it thou whom the world once  
call'd great?

Octavius first, then Augustus!

Was he then juster and milder than Nero?

Nay; success—that was his sole, his great-  
est virtue!

*A Voice.*

[*From the tomb. Caesar starts back in terror.*]

Nero!

Nero.

Whose voice is it that calls me?

[*The walls of the rotunda open; Shades appear; among them Nero's victims.*]

Aye, eternal gods,

Open the graves of themselves!

Do they give up their dead?

Restless shades! Avengers remorseless,

What would ye of me?

Claudius! Britannicus! Octavia!

*The Shade of Claudius.*

Once thy Emperor!

*The Shade of Britannicus.*

Thy brother!

*The Shade of Octavia.*

Thy wife!

Nero.

Agrippina!

*The Shade of Agrippina.*

Thy mother!

[*The shades of Petronius, Lucanus, Thraseas, Seneca, Burrhus, Piso, Rufus, and others.*]

Nero.

And ye all!

*The Shades.*

Thy teachers—thy friends—thy flatterers!

*Poppæa's Shade.*

I am Poppæa!

*Chrysa's Shade.*

I am Chrysa!

Nero.

Poppæa! Chrysa!

*All the Shades.*

Assassin! Brother-murderer! Mother-murderer!

[*An aged Christian (the one of Act II.) and a number of Christians, men and women, appear.*]

Nero.

O ye gods, how many!  
Yes, I remember them—  
Christians whom I strangled—  
Who were cast into the arena—  
Burnt!—as living torches  
To illumine my banquets.  
O ye gods, how many!

*The Shades of the Christians.*

Vile assassin! Brother-murderer! Mother-murderer! Strangler of Christians!

Nero.

Ah, blood—yes, blood—  
From my crown it trickles down on my brow!

O horror! burns into my brain!  
Swells to a stream and, aye, would drown me!

What would ye then now, ye furies?  
Ah, how it scorches my heart—  
Voice of my conscience, dost thou call me murderer?

*The Shades.*

Nero! Nero! Nero!

Nero.

Ah!

—  
(TRANSFORMATION.)

—  
SECOND DIVISION.

[*A road on the Campagna—Rome is seen in the distance—The Gallian legions enter, then Vindex and leaders.*]

See music }  
page 65. } *Chorus of the Legions.*

He sang so much, so much, did Cæsar,  
Till his song awakened the Gallic bird;

aye,  
He sang so loud, so loud, did Cæsar,  
Till together our Vindex his Gallians  
call'd;

He sang so well, so well, did Cæsar,  
As if he, the singer, the hisses had heard;  
aye,

He ran so fast, so fast, did Cæsar,  
But far faster follow'd him Galba, the  
bold!

He rul'd so well, so well, did Cæsar,  
That he roll'd the world all up in a  
tangle;

He ruled so well, so well, did Cæsar,  
That his people sent him to Orcus grim;  
He murder'd so well, so well, did Cæsar,  
That his minions fain would their master  
strangle;

He murder'd so well, so well, did Cæsar,  
That Death has now sent out his summons for him.

[*Vindex appears, followed by other leaders, carrying the standard banners and other military insignia.*]

*The Legions.*

Hail, Vindex, hail!

*Vindex.*

The name that I would greet is Vengeance!  
And to Rome it now leads!

*The Legions.*

To Rome! On, on to Rome!

*Vindex.*

A duty sacred now calls us,  
And the victory is ours!  
Ye warriors, strike now for vengeance  
At the tyrant's guilty might,—  
Off the people's fetters striking—  
By Nero's death—to-night!  
Ye Romans, earth and heaven in wrath  
have spoken!  
The storm descends; his power be surely  
broken.

The morn shall hear the call,  
Loud as the thunder;  
Let shame and evil fall,  
Trample them under.  
On the day that Cæsar dies  
Thou, O Rome, again shalt rise!

*The Chorus.*

Cæsar, aye, when Cæsar dies,  
Thou, O Rome, again shalt rise!

*Vindex.*

He murdered all,  
The loving, and blameless,  
His powers he used with  
Violence shameless.  
The golden fame of Rome's defenders  
Disgraced hath he oft,—  
And Roma's splendors!  
Cæsar shall die! When Cæsar dies  
Thou, O Rome, again shall rise.  
Ye Romans, earth and heaven  
In wrath have spoken!  
The storm descends,  
Let Cæsar's power be broken!  
The morn shall hear the call,  
Loud as the thunder;  
Let shame and evil fall,  
Trample them under!

[To the soldiers.]

Forward, all!  
Let not Nero living escape from his doom!  
Forward, all!  
That with Galba as victors we march into  
Rome!

There the laurels hallow'd see!  
Open, the way; come, follow me!  
Rome expects us; yea,  
Ye'll bring her glory and peace again,  
And golden freedom shall reign.

[At a sign from Vindex the legions leave, filing past him and the other leaders, singing.]

*Chorus of Legions.*

He sang so well, so well, did Cæsar,  
Till his song awakened the Gallic bird;  
He sang so well, so well, did Cæsar,  
Till Vindex together his Gallians call'd!

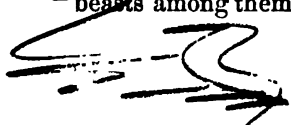
SCENE II.—Nero, followed by Saccus, emerges from the bushes on the roadside.

*Saccus.* [Mockingly.]

What now friend Cæsar?

*Nero.*

I have left Rome a prey to the plundering  
legions uncheck'd;  
Devour again may the flames the arrogant  
city.  
And as my parting gift I'll let loose the wild  
beasts among them.



Let be strangled together all the necks of  
the aliens,  
Theirs and the cohorts', and above all, the  
Gallians';—  
I will poison the Senate.

*Saccus.*

To whom shall I take thy behest?

*Nero.* [Bewailingly.]

What! Has my hour so quickly arrived?  
Must Nero die?

*Saccus.*

Our horses can take us no further!

*Nero.*

Ah, what an artist here will be lost!

[Steps are heard approaching.]

*Nero.* [Terrified.]

Hearken!

Let us flee to the laurel groves,  
And like the nymphs, the antique,  
There die, according to the rules of art.

*A Centurion.*

[In the background.]

He sang so well, so well, did Cæsar,  
Till his song awakened the Gallic bird;  
aye,  
He sang so well, so well, did Cæsar—  
Who is there?

*Nero.* [To Saccus.]

Let us flee!

*The Centurion.*

O triumph! 'Tis Nero!  
Mine be the glory to capture the monster  
alive!  
Holla! companions! quick, this way!

*Nero.*

Living, said he?

*Saccus.*

That he may put the yoke around thee!  
Rememberst thou not the Caudinian yoke?

*The Centurion.*

'Tis he! It is Nero!

[He signs to a soldier to sound the trumpet call, in order to inform Vindex.]

*Nero.*

Saccus, give me thy blade!

*Saccus.*

[*Handing him a dagger.*]

Here, be quick!

*Nero.*

Ah! a wondering world shall gaze and applaud!

[*He hesitates to plunge the dagger into his breast.*]

O friend, do thou with thy example teach me how!

*Saccus.*

Nay; but if thou wilt, I will assist thee!

[*He takes the dagger and plunges it into Nero's heart.*]

*Nero.*

I fall!

*Saccus.*

Quick! It will not give the the slightest pain!

[*The legions hasten upon the scene. Vindex, too, arrives.*]

*The Centurion.*

[*Pointing to Nero.*]

Too late!

*Vindex.*

Dead!

Nero, mindest thou—Chrysa and Rome!

*Nero.*

[*Reviving.*]

O this devotion!

*Saccus.*

Ha! Monster!

*Vindex, Saccus, Chorus of the Legions.*

Nero dead! Nero dead!

Avenged is the world;

Accurs'd shall be his name—

Foul disgrace his fame;

To all time a terror;

Yea, loathing and shame!

So sinks down what once was built up in pride.

The ruins fall—Cæsar's might and rule together.

[*The soldiers remain with Nero's body. Vindex and Saccus go on one side and whisper together. Suddenly in the heavens there appears a halo of light, in the midst of which is seen the form of a Cross.*]

*Chorus of the Christians.*

[*Behind the scenes*]

Lo, our Lord and Savior comes!

*Vindex.*

Ah, Saccus! What thy message?

*Saccus.*

Rome hails with joy the day—  
Glad that her woes are ended,  
And Nero sunk to clay.

*Vindex.*

Yea, Galba's work was not in vain,  
For Peace is Rome's again!

*The Legion.*

[*Who have stayed with the corpse of Nero.*]

Murderer! thoughtest, forsooth, couldst thy  
vile head rescue.

Sing away, merry jester!

Yea, bellow, gnash thy teeth;

Tear to pieces thy victims!

Murderer! Brute!

Bloodthirsty hyena, bellow and roar!

*Some of the Soldiers.*

[*Perceiving the wondrous sign in the sky.*]

Ah! see there, how it shines! There!

*Others.*

Where? tell us where?

*First Group.*

There; a Cross, in a halo of light!

[*All have left Nero's body to gaze at the sign in the sky.*]

*Vindex.* [*Seeing the sign.*]

Marvellous symbol,—dazzlingly bright!

*Saccus.*

Bodes it weal or destruction?

*Vindex.*

No, no; a mighty God with us will be;  
He will not let his people perish!

*Saccus.*

The gods are still with Rome!

*The Legion.*

The gods will protect us and Rome!

*Moderato con moto.*

CHRYSA.

VINDEX.

Oh mother, oh moth-er why from me wert tak - en? oh, what cru-el fate

*Moderato con moto.*

Thou love - ly

*p sempre legato.*

drove thee a - way from me? And yet I am thine, though by thee for - sa - ken,

child so for - sak - - en.

My loving heart beats but for thee, my loving heart..... beats but for thee,

What gen - tle ma - - gic hath led..... thee here to me!.....

*cresc.*

*mf*

*poco animato.*

And tho' thou art so far from me,.... My lov-ing heart beats aye for thee,  
Oh, what rap-ture sweet dost thou a-wak-en,

*P poco animato.*

*rit.* *a tempo.*  
my loving heart.... beats.... ev-er, ev-er for thee.... My loving heart  
What a gem I find in thee! what a gem I find in thee! what a gem

*rit.* *f* *p* *a tempo.*

*rit.* *a tempo.*  
beats.... ev-er for thee, ev-er for thee, my lov-ing heart  
I find in thee! what a gem I find here in thee, Thou love-li-est

*rit.* *f* *p* *a tempo.*

beats aye for thee, beats aye for thee.....

child, What gen - - tle ma - gic draws me now to thee!

*p*

Ono. Soprano.

Deck thee with the tu - nic

*Moderato assai.*

*p* *mp*

fair, in to - ga should no wife ap-pear; braided be thy bri-dal

*Allo.*

Deck thee with the tu - nic fair, in to - ga should no wife ap-pear; braid thy bri-dal

hair, as is cus-tom, with the spear! 'Round thy loins the gir-dle place,

hair, as is cus-tom, with the spear! 'Round thy loins the gir-dle

*mf*

This musical system consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The first vocal line has lyrics: "hair, as is cus-tom, with the spear! 'Round thy loins the gir-dle place,". The second vocal line has lyrics: "hair, as is cus-tom, with the spear! 'Round thy loins the gir-dle". The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking.

a-round thy brow the cir-clet cling! the veil the bride must grace, here the wreath that

place, a-round thy brow the cir-clet cling! the veil the bride must grace, here the wreath that

This musical system also consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in G major and 4/4 time. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The first vocal line has lyrics: "a-round thy brow the cir-clet cling! the veil the bride must grace, here the wreath that". The second vocal line has lyrics: "place, a-round thy brow the cir-clet cling! the veil the bride must grace, here the wreath that". The piano part continues the accompaniment for the second system.

joy shall bring! With the tu - nic then deck thee, nor in to - ga ap - pear.

joy shall bring! With the tun - ic then deck thee, nor in to - go ap - pear,

*mf*

This system contains the first two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time, with lyrics 'joy shall bring! With the tu - nic then deck thee, nor in to - ga ap - pear.' The second staff is a piano accompaniment in the same key and time, with lyrics 'joy shall bring! With the tun - ic then deck thee, nor in to - go ap - pear,'. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is placed between the two staves.

braid thy bri - dal hair, as wont is, with the spear! 'Round thy loins bind the gir - dle,

braid thy bri - dal hair, as wont is, with the spear! 'Round thy loins bind the gir - dle,

*mf*

This system contains the next two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G major and 2/4 time, with lyrics 'braid thy bri - dal hair, as wont is, with the spear! 'Round thy loins bind the gir - dle,'. The second staff is a piano accompaniment in the same key and time, with lyrics 'braid thy bri - dal hair, as wont is, with the spear! 'Round thy loins bind the gir - dle,'. The piano part continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. A dynamic marking of *mf* is placed between the two staves.

round thy brow the cir - clet, put the veil o'er thy face, the wreath that luck shall

round thy brow the cir - clet, put the veil o'er thy face, the wreath that luck shall

This system contains the final two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G major and 2/4 time, with lyrics 'round thy brow the cir - clet, put the veil o'er thy face, the wreath that luck shall'. The second staff is a piano accompaniment in the same key and time, with lyrics 'round thy brow the cir - clet, put the veil o'er thy face, the wreath that luck shall'. The piano part continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

bring.

bring.

Tenor. *pp*

Ah, 'tis food in truth for laugh - ter!

Bass. *pp*

Ah, 'tis food in truth for

*mf*

This system contains the first vocal and piano staves. The vocal parts (Tenor and Bass) enter with the lyrics 'bring.' and 'Ah, 'tis food in truth for laugh - ter!'. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, marked *mf*.

*f*

Hail!.....

*f*

Hail!.....

*f*

Hail!.....

laugh - - - - - ter!

*f*

This system continues the musical score. It features three vocal staves, each with the word 'Hail!' followed by a dotted line indicating a long note or a pause. The piano accompaniment continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, marked *f*. The lyrics 'laugh - - - - - ter!' are written below the piano staves.

*Moderato.*

VINDEK.

My song is to thee, guardian of mar - riage.

*mf*

son of U - ra - ni - a, Let thy bless - ing on them rest! Hy - men, to

thee have they their hearts sur - ren - dered, Hy - men, to thee

shall my Hym - nus be ten - - dered! My song is to thee.

*ritard.*

*a tempo.*

Hy - - - me - nae - - us, bless thou this pair!....

*a tempo.*

bless thou this pair!.....

**Chorus. *f***

*f* All hail!..... All hail! Hy - - me - nae - us!

*f* All hail!..... All hail! Hy - - me - nae - us!

*f* All hail!..... All hail! Hy - - me - nae - us!

*Allegro moderato.*

POPPARA.

Crowned my dreams by love, ..... so near the Gods, from heav'n a - bove, I look

*p*

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom is the bass line. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

on the world, ... Too great the glitt' - ring crown resplend - - ent upon my

*p*

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics continue below the vocal staff.

will a world de - pend - ent up-on my will.....

*p* *sf*

This system contains the final three staves of the musical score on this page. It concludes with a piano (*p*) and sforzando (*sf*) dynamic marking. The lyrics end with an ellipsis.

up-on my will,..... a world de - pend - ent, yes, a world de -

- pend - ent, death and life..... in ..... end - less whirl.

Van - ish hate, and en - vious quarrels, if men beau - ty's

reign pro - claim! Van - ish hate and en - vious quarrels,

if men beau - ty's reign pro-claim! it a-lone gains the lau - - -

*mf* *f*

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with the lyrics 'if men beau - ty's reign pro-claim! it a-lone gains the lau - - -'. The piano accompaniment (bass clef) features a series of chords and moving lines. Dynamic markings *mf* and *f* are present.

- rels, the lau-rels of im-mor - - tal fame, a-lone can gain the lau - - -

This system contains the next two staves. The vocal line continues with '- rels, the lau-rels of im-mor - - tal fame, a-lone can gain the lau - - -'. The piano accompaniment consists of sustained chords. The system concludes with a double bar line.

- - - rels of im-mor-tal fame, yea, gain the laurels, the lau-rels of im -

*p*

This system contains the third and fourth staves. The vocal line continues with '- - - rels of im-mor-tal fame, yea, gain the laurels, the lau-rels of im -'. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords. A dynamic marking *p* is present.

mor - tal fame. *ritard.* *a tempo.* Ah! . . . . .

*p a tempo.*

This system contains the final two staves. The vocal line concludes with 'mor - tal fame. *ritard.* *a tempo.* Ah! . . . . .'. The piano accompaniment includes a final chord. Dynamic markings *ritard.*, *a tempo.*, and *p a tempo.* are present.

*animato.*

Ah!.....

*animato.  
cresc.*

*stringendo.*

Ah!.....

*mf stringendo. cresc.*

*ritard.* *Tempo I.*

Yes!..... Bending in the

*ritard.* *Tempo I.*

*f* *p*

dust to me ap - peal - - ing, Lo, all the world be - fore me kneel - ing,

*p*

Ah!.....

I su - - preme up - on the throue, I su - preme up -

*f*

ah!..... *animato.*

- on the throne!..... I its god - - dess, I a - lone,

*f* *p*

*animato.*

First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are: "I a - lone, I its god - dess! I a - lone,..... I its god - dess a -". The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, featuring chords and some melodic lines. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern. The tempo marking *animato.* is above the first staff. A dynamic marking *f* is below the middle staff.

Second system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff continues the vocal line with lyrics: "- lone,..... I its god - dess a - lone,..... I a -". The middle staff continues the piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The tempo marking *stringendo.* appears above the top staff and below the middle staff. A dynamic marking *f* is below the middle staff. The system ends with a *rit.* marking above the top staff and below the bottom staff.

Third system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff has a vocal line with the lyrics "- lone.....". The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The tempo marking *Allegro.* is above the top staff. A dynamic marking *f* is below the middle staff.

*Moderato assai.*

*mf* *legato sempre.*

NERO.

Oh, my fate how re-morse - - - less!

*p*

Be - fore me grim - ly stand - eth in ex - or - - a - ble

death, in ex - or - - - a - ble death!

Woe in me that the night's gloom - y sha - - - dow

The first system of the musical score for 'NERO.' It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature, and two piano accompaniment staves in treble and bass clefs. The piano part features a continuous eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand. The lyrics 'Woe in me that the night's gloom - y sha - - - dow' are written below the vocal staff.

glid - - - eth so near, ..... so near.....

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'glid - - - eth so near, ..... so near.....' are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern.

to my morn - - - ing path. Woe..... me,

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the phrase 'to my morn - - - ing path.' followed by a short rest, then begins the next phrase 'Woe..... me,'. The piano accompaniment continues throughout.

woe..... me that..... the night with her

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with 'woe..... me that..... the night with her'. The piano accompaniment concludes the system with a final chord.

gloom - - y sha - dows glid - - - - eth so near my morn - ing

This system contains the first three measures of the piece. The vocal line begins with a half note 'gloom', followed by a dotted half note 'y sha - dows', and then a half note 'glid' with a long dash indicating a continuation. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

path, Woe..... me, woe..... me,

The second system covers measures four to six. The vocal line has a half note 'path,', followed by a dotted half note 'Woe.....', and then a half note 'me,' with a long dash. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

that ..... the night with her gloom - - y sha - dows

The third system covers measures seven to nine. The vocal line starts with a half note 'that .....', followed by a dotted half note 'the night with her', and then a half note 'gloom - - y sha - dows'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

glid - - - eth so near my..... morn - ing path!

The fourth system covers measures ten to twelve. The vocal line begins with a half note 'glid - - - eth so near', followed by a dotted half note 'my.....', and then a half note 'morn - ing path!'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

*Moderato assai.*

O thou with mercy o'er-flowing, hear me when I humbly plead. O'er life's pathways thorny go -

The first system of the musical score is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The tempo is marked 'Moderato assai'. The lyrics are: 'O thou with mercy o'er-flowing, hear me when I humbly plead. O'er life's pathways thorny go -'.

- - ing, thou, me Lord, in pi - ty lead! Be the flame thou,

The second system continues the musical score. The tempo changes to 'animato.' as indicated above the staff. The lyrics are: '- - ing, thou, me Lord, in pi - ty lead! Be the flame thou,'.

all im-pel - ling, cour - age give to hearts.... that fear!

The third system continues the musical score. The tempo is marked 'p animato.' below the staff. The lyrics are: 'all im-pel - ling, cour - age give to hearts.... that fear!'.

Be the star.... for-ev - er tell - ing, that a new.... bright day is

The fourth system concludes the musical score. The tempo is marked 'p' below the staff. The lyrics are: 'Be the star.... for-ev - er tell - ing, that a new.... bright day is'.

*poco stringendo.*

near, yes, that a new bright day is near!.....

*poco stringendo.*

This system contains a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'near, yes, that a new bright day is near!.....'. The piano part features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands, with a 'poco stringendo' marking indicating a slight increase in tempo.

*a tempo.*

Oh, reveal, in truth resplendent, what so long my soul confessed!

*a tempo.*

This system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics 'Oh, reveal, in truth resplendent, what so long my soul confessed!'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking and continues with harmonic support for the vocal melody.

*rïlard.*

*a tempo.*

Ah!..... Let me on thy earth re - splend - - - ent

*rïlard.* *a tempo.*

*f* *p*

This system concludes the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics 'Ah!..... Let me on thy earth re - splend - - - ent'. The piano accompaniment features a 'rïlard.' (rêlard) marking, followed by a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking, and ends with a 'f' (forte) dynamic marking.

in his love..... on earth be blessed! Let me on thy earth re - splend -

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes in the vocal line, and chords and moving lines in the piano accompaniment.

*poco stringendo.*

- - - ent, in his love, on earth be blessed, his love.....

*poco stringendo.* *ritard.*

*p* *mf*

This system continues the musical piece. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo marking *poco stringendo.* appears at the beginning and middle of the system. The dynamic markings *p* (piano) and *mf* (mezzo-forte) are indicated. The *ritard.* (ritardando) marking is also present. The piano accompaniment includes complex chordal textures and arpeggiated figures.

*Tempo I.*

..... on earth here be blessed! Oh, let me on thy earth re - splend - ent

*Tempo I.* *espr.* *mp*

This system concludes the page. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo marking *Tempo I.* is repeated. The dynamic marking *mp* (mezzo-piano) is used. The *espr.* (espressivo) marking is also present. The piano accompaniment features a prominent arpeggiated figure in the right hand.

on earth in love be blessed!

*Moderato assai.*

*CHRYSA.*

Fa - ther in Heav - en,

Fa - ther of mer - cy, in meek - ness bending I would plead! Hear thou my

prayer! Oh, guard my steps where'er my go - ing, O source of mer - cy, ev - er flow - ing,

leave not thy child with-out thy care.....  
 VINDEX.  
 mp Who is then this God of  
 pp

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with the lyrics 'leave not thy child with-out thy care.....' followed by 'VINDEX.' and then 'Who is then this God of'. The piano accompaniment (bass clef) features a series of chords and moving lines. Dynamic markings include 'mp' (mezzo-piano) and 'pp' (pianissimo).

O thou my  
 mer - cy? From whom then grief - be - la - - den, dost com - - fort

This system contains the third and fourth staves of music. The vocal line continues with 'O thou my' and 'mer - cy? From whom then grief - be - la - - den, dost com - - fort'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic texture. A key signature change to two flats is indicated at the end of the system.

Fa - - ther, thou in Heav - - - en!  
 bor - - row, pray - - ing to Heav - en! Who sweet-ens all thy

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of music. The vocal line continues with 'Fa - - ther, thou in Heav - - - en!' and 'bor - - row, pray - - ing to Heav - en! Who sweet-ens all thy'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic texture. Dynamic markings include 'p' (piano) and 'pp' (pianissimo).

CHRYSA.

Source thou of  
sor - row? Who faith ... hath giv'n, Strong in a brighter mor - row il -

mer - cy ev - er flow - - - - ing!...  
lum - ing thy soul,..... O mai - - - den?....

*Moderato assai.* CHRYSA.

VINDEX. O love - ly dream take not thy flight!

O love - - ly dream, O stay take not thy flight, Lin - ger

*p* *mp*

Lin-ger, lin - ger, hour.... un - blight - ed! Ah!..... to  
lin - ger, moments sweet, so sun - ny and so bright! Thou lov'st me, O

love thee, with thee u - ni - ted! O mo - ment of rap - ture, how  
heaven - ly glo - ry! from her own lips the won - d'rous sto - ry!

joy - ous thy sway! With thee let me pass in love a - way!  
Liv - ing and dy - ing for thee!.. Thou dream of

let me pass a-way. Do not fly, do not fly, hour  
light, oh, take thou not thy flight, not thy flight. Linger long hour..... un-

*mp*

..... so un-bligh - ed! Let me pass, let me pass with thee..  
blight - - ed! Let me live, let me live with thee. u -

*mp*

..... u - ni - ted. O love - ly dream, O love - ly dream,..... With thee, O  
- ni - - ted, With thee let..... me pass a-way, with thee

*p*

*ritard.*

let me pass a - way,..... let me pass a - way!.....

let..... me pass a - way, let me pass a - way!.....

*p* *ritard.*

**EPICHAIRIS.**

*Moderato.*

Oh, sleep my child, free from all sor - row,

*p*

thy moth - er wakes!..... Oh, sweet - ly sleep

un - til to - mor - row the sun - light breaks!.....

CHRYSA.

And our souls to star - ry gold - en realms to - geth - - er

*p*

took their flight, And in dreams slum - ber hold - en

came the bliss - ful rest of night! And our souls to

EPICHRIS.

And our souls to

*p*

star - ry gold - en realms to - geth - er took their flight,.....

star - ry gold - en realms to - geth - er took their flight,

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment line.

And in dreams slum - ber hold - en came the bliss - ful rest of

And in dreams slum - ber hold - en came the bliss - ful

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment line.

night. Oh, slum - ber sweet, free from all

rest of night! Oh, slum - ber sweet, free from all sor - row,

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment line, starting with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.

sor - - row, the moth - er wakes, Oh, slumber  
thy moth - er wakes! . . . . . Oh, slum - ber sweet,

sweet, un - til to - mor - - row the sun - light wakes!  
un - til to - mor - row the sun - light wakes! . . . . .

Oh, slum - ber  
Oh, sleep my child, . . . . .  
p

First system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts, with the first staff containing the lyrics "sweet, .....". The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The first staff of the piano part begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

sweet, .....

*mf*

Second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts, with the first staff containing the lyrics "Oh, slum - ber sweet.....". The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The first staff of the piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

Oh, slum - ber sweet.....

Oh, sleep my child, un - - til to - mor - -

*p*

Third system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts, with the first staff containing the lyrics "un - - til the sun - - light wakes!". The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

un - - til the sun - - light wakes!

- row the sun - - - light wakes!.....

NERO.

*Andante.* O I - li on,.... o I - li - on! Thou

The first system of the musical score is in 2/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' and the dynamics include a forte 'f' marking. The lyrics 'O I - li on,.... o I - li - on! Thou' are written below the vocal line.

by the Gods,.. yea, by the Gods up - rear'd in pride

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a long note followed by the lyrics 'by the Gods,.. yea, by the Gods up - rear'd in pride'. The piano accompaniment features a crescendo leading to a piano 'p' dynamic, followed by a fortissimo 'sf' dynamic. The tempo remains 'Andante.'

By a Goddess's tears sanc - ti - fled! Thy glow.... reddens the

The third system of the musical score continues the composition. The vocal line includes the lyrics 'By a Goddess's tears sanc - ti - fled! Thy glow.... reddens the'. The piano accompaniment shows a dynamic progression from piano 'p' to fortissimo 'sf' with a 'cresc' (crescendo) marking. The tempo is still 'Andante.'

heaven - ly dome, In it thou wilt sink,

The fourth and final system of the musical score on this page. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'heaven - ly dome, In it thou wilt sink,'. The piano accompaniment features a fortissimo 'sf' dynamic followed by a mezzo-forte 'mf' dynamic. The tempo remains 'Andante.'

haugh - - - ty Rome, Like I - li-on, like I - li-on! Thy

*f* *p*

walls on which glo - ri - ous bat - tles were fought. And th'a -

*mf*

- veng - ing wrath of the Gods set at naught, ah!..... They have fal -

*sf* *mp*

- - - len, they have fal - - len, And on - ly thy ruins and graves of the

dead, The graves of thy fal - len he - roes

*mf*

re - main to tell.... of for - mer gran - deur fled.

*p*

CHORUS OF GALIC LEGIONS.

TENOR.

He sang so much, so

BASS.

He sang so much, so

*f*

much did Cæ-sar, Till his song a - wak - ened the Gal - lic bird, yes he sang so

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, with the lyrics 'much did Cæ-sar, Till his song a - wak - ened the Gal - lic bird, yes he sang so' written below. The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment, featuring a complex rhythmic pattern with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes.

loud, so loud did Cæ - sar till round him our Vin - dex his

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, with the lyrics 'loud, so loud did Cæ - sar till round him our Vin - dex his' written below. The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment, continuing the complex rhythmic pattern from the first system.

Gal - li - ans called, He ran so well, so well did Cæ - sar, As if he the

The third system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, with the lyrics 'Gal - li - ans called, He ran so well, so well did Cæ - sar, As if he the' written below. The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment, continuing the complex rhythmic pattern from the previous systems.

sin - ger the his - sing had heard, Yea, He ran so fast, so fast did

The first system of the musical score for 'NERO.' It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

The piano accompaniment for the first system, showing the right and left hand parts. The right hand plays chords and moving lines, while the left hand provides a rhythmic foundation with eighth notes.

Cæ - sar, but far fas - ter fol - low'd him Galba, the bold, but far fas - ter

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Cæ - sar, but far fas - ter fol - low'd him Galba, the bold, but far fas - ter'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic and rhythmic patterns.

The piano accompaniment for the second system, showing the right and left hand parts. The right hand features more complex chordal textures, including some triplets.

fol - lowed Gal - ba, yes, Gal - ba bold, yes Gal - - ba, Gal - - - ba, the

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with 'fol - lowed Gal - ba, yes, Gal - ba bold, yes Gal - - ba, Gal - - - ba, the'. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic support.

The piano accompaniment for the third system, showing the right and left hand parts. The right hand has a more active melodic line with some grace notes.

bold!..... Gal - ba, the bold,..... Gal - - ba, the

*ff*

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking and features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands.

bold!..... the bold!.....

*f* *ff* *See.....*

This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff continues the vocal line. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment, featuring a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking and a section marked *See.....* with a dotted line. The piano part includes a variety of textures, from sustained chords to more active passages.

# GORDON & DILWORTH

MANUFACTURING PURVEYORS  
ESTABLISHED 1847.

ALL OF OUR  
PRODUCTIONS  
BEAR THIS  
TRADE MARK.  
WILL  
PROSECUTE  
ALL  
IMITATIONS &  
INFRINGEMENTS  
OF THE SAME



OVER 100  
DOMESTIC  
& FOREIGN  
FRUITS &  
VEGETABLES  
TRANSMUTED  
INTO  
TABLE  
DELICACIES

PRESERVED  
CANNED &  
BRANDY  
FRUITS.  
VEGETABLES  
SOUPS.  
SYRUPS.  
JELLIES.  
BRANDY  
CATSUPS  
JAM.

PRICES ON PRESERVES REDUCED DEC. 1<sup>ST</sup> 1885.

MINCE MEAT  
PLUM PUDDING  
SWEET PICKLES  
CAPERS.  
OLIVES.  
SALAD DRESSING  
WINE JELLIES  
MARMALADES  
& C. & C.

## OUR PRESERVES & JELLIES

HAVE LED THE MARKET FOR 40 YEARS

OUR MINCE MEAT & PLUM PUDDING  
ARE SIMPLY INCOMPARABLE.

OUR SALAD DRESSING & NEW PROCESS CATSUP  
GIVE TONE TO THE MOST MODEST REPAST,  
WHILE OUR

OLIVES CAPERS AND BRANDY FRUITS

ADDED THERETO, TRANSFORM IT INTO A FEAST.

FOR SALE BY THE LEADING GROCERS ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.  
ANY ARTICLE YOUR GROCER CANNOT SUPPLY, WE WILL IF YOU SEND FOR A  
PRICE LIST.

# GORDON & DILWORTH

MANUFACTURING PURVEYORS  
ESTABLISHED 1847.



SEE OTHER SIDE.

## **FRANZ LISZT.**

**Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:**

GENTS: The magnificent STEINWAY Grand Piano now stands in my music room, and presents a *harmonic totality of admirable qualities*, a detailed enumeration of which is the more superfluous as this instrument fully justifies the world-wide reputation that for years you have everywhere enjoyed.

After so much well-deserved praise, permit me also to add my homage, and the expression of my undisguised admiration, with which I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

FRANZ LISZT.

## **ANTON RUBINSTEIN.**

NEW YORK, May 24, 1873.

**Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:**

GENTLEMEN: On the eve of returning to Europe, I deem it my pleasant duty to express to you my most heartfelt thanks for all the kindness and courtesy you have shown me during my stay in the United States; but also, and above all, for your unrivaled Piano-Fortes, which once more have done full justice to their world-wide reputation, both for excellence and capacity of enduring the severest trials. For during all my long and difficult journeys all over America, in a very inclement season, I used and have been enabled to use, your Pianos exclusively in my Two Hundred and Fifteen Concerts, and also in private, with the most eminent satisfaction and effect.

Yours very truly,

ANTON RUBINSTEIN

## **THEODORE THOMAS.**

CINCINNATI, July 19th, 1879.

**Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:**

GENTLEMEN: I consider the Steinway Piano the best Piano at present made, and that is the reason why I use it in private and also in all my public concerts.

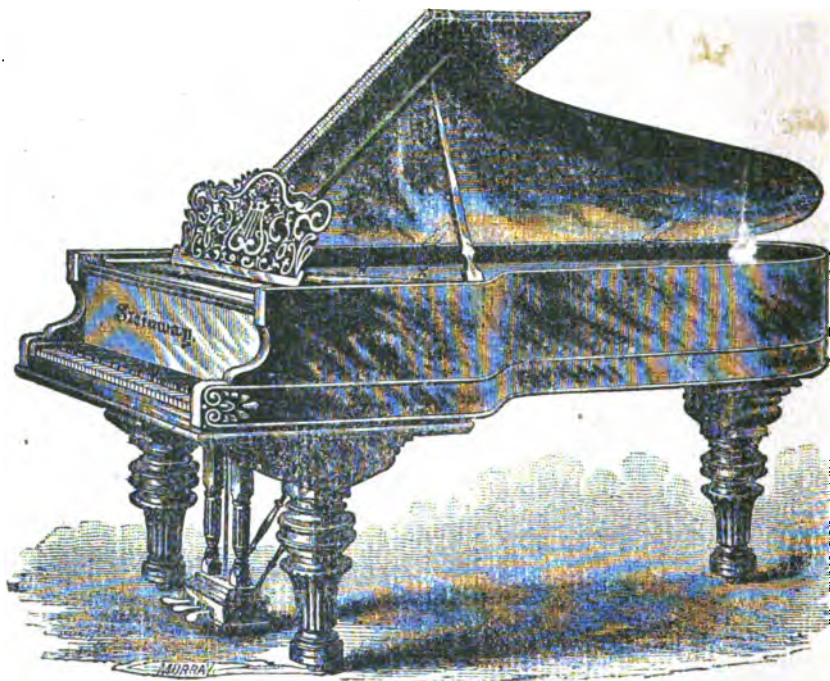
As long as the Pianos of Messrs. Steinway & Sons retain that high degree of excellence of manufacture, and those admirable qualities which have always distinguished them, I shall continue to use them in preference to all other Pianos.

Respectfully Yours.

THEODORE THOMAS.

# STEINWAY & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS OF



## GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANO-FORTES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES MAILED FREE UPON APPLICATION.

Warerooms, - - - - - STEINWAY HALL,  
107, 109 & 111 EAST 14TH STREET,  
NEW YORK.

### European Depots:

STEINWAY HALL,  
15 Lower Seymour St., Portman Sq., W.,  
LONDON, ENGLAND.

STEINWAY'S PIANOFABRIK,  
St. Pauli, Neue Rosen-Strasse, 20-24,  
HAMBURG, GERMANY.

Mus 584 .263

Nero : opera in four acts.

Loeb Music Library

ANJ8741



3 2044 040 731 481

